

# The Critic

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## The Beauty of Plain Living.

A RECENT expositor of the ministry of beauty to humanity is credited with the following:—'Finding myself born into a world where most of the things about me were ugly and uncouth, it seemed a tragedy, and I wept all through my boyhood at my wretched lot.' The sequel is well known—how the Hero of the Tragic Uncouthness of Existence at length rose above the appalling environment, and gave to the two worlds a new evangel, preaching the Elements of Taste and the Doctrine of the Beautiful. Unfortunately for universal acceptance, this cultus involved too great an outlay for æsthetic properties, costuming and upholstering accessories; besides, there are—and will continue to be—those whose theogony of the Beautiful rests on far different foundations. Such can easily spare the specified 'aids to worship' employed in the temple of the Goddess,—without impairment of the devotional faculty can dispense with rich interiors, subtle chromatic combinations, music, and incense. They call us to come out into the 'open,' to 'turn on all sides [our] shining eyes,' especially to look squarely in the face the Ugly and the Uncouth, and see if, after all, we be not proof against their petrific unloveliness; if the result be tragic, to maintain the dignity of tragic actors.

The many are hoodwinked and misled by the idea of Luxury. In effect, theirs is the language of the sly, sophisticated maxim, 'Give us but the superfluities of life, and the necessities may look out for themselves!' They wish to subscribe for the *édition de luxe* (of which it is well known few copies are issued); they require that their volume of life shall be broad-margined, printed on choice vellum, and handsomely illuminated. In vain shall one attempt to assure them that the text remains unabridged and unaltered, though put forth in the current, homely editions.

Looking from high ethical ground, it appears that we cannot afford luxury—i.e., 'the superfluities of life.' The keeping of many servants, the maintaining of 'elaborate domiciliary appointments, implies a certain subserviency and restraint of action. Who would rule an *imperium in imperio* when pure autocracy is his rightful sway? The soul, prudent for its highest welfare, has a profound respect for that uncanonical beatitude, 'Blessed be nothing,' knowing that its only perfect luxury is to live independent of external luxuries, as its best philosophy is to be able to stand without the prop of any system of philosophy. We have this on the authority of some of the truest noblemen and aristocrats who have stood the crucial tests—embarrassment of riches and hereditary position. Remote as we are from the primitive sanities, there is still something in us which makes response to the Emperor Antoninus's devout ascription to the Gods that they had shown it to be within his power, though hampered by imperial conditions, to bring himself 'very near to the fashion of a private person,' and to lead a life, simple, severe, and 'according to nature.'

If we would think, speak, and act courageously,—with a certain hardy directness—the regimen of our life must partake of courage and hardihood. We do not gather sound, wintering fruit from summer vines, but from rugged trees, tough and rough of bark,

with northside growth of hibernal lichen. We do not fit for the heroic games by pursuing such drill as they can give us at Sybaris. Experience is some relative of the Muses. We shake our heads dubiously when the bard who never tasted salt borrows a salt theme, and presumes to launch on Ocean's mighty breast his unseaworthy cockle-shell of rhymes. Humorous Aurora was heard to laugh behind the hills at the hymn composed in her praise by a belated acolyte, who woke not until all the spheres of the dew had been shattered by the wind moving over the grass, and exhaled to heaven.

Moderation, frugality, and simplicity obtain good report not only at the mouth of the philosopher, but from every manner of idealist. What inexhaustible capital for poetry and painting are the lives of shepherd and backwoodsman, of soldier, sailor, and the often desperately crowded mechanic. We like to hear that our poet formerly kept the herds of Admetus, that the prince in disguise turned griddle-cakes for a cross-grained housewife. We kiss the hero's rough hands with zealous affection, and if he have also acquired rough manners while undergoing the indurating phase of his fortunes, we accept the rough manners too. Only let him be entire hero—without so much as a valet to whisper aught against his claim to that high title. What so charms us in those verses of the Chaucerian Tale which describe the maidenhood of Grisildes?

'She made her bed full hard and no thing soft,  
And ay she kept her father's life on loft.'

It escapes not our sympathetic notice, in reading the history of Mahomet, that he 'clouted his own cloak and cobbled his own shoes,' kindled his fire, and swept and garnished his cave of vision. If romantic or reverential interest attaches to these austere conditions, it must be because some pure and permanent virtue inheres in them. Yet, possibly, we often go to disproportionate lengths of admiration for the external features of the hero's life. Did he feed on locusts and wild honey, or on true honey-dew and milk of paradise? How was he clothed and housed withal?

The marvel here! he lives, to outward sight,  
Full meagrely, in lodging plain and bare,  
Brown bread and wilding fruit his daily fare;  
His taper burns far into desert night,  
And yet, he's forth to greet the earliest light!  
His soul is jocund as the morning air,  
And sits at feasts immortal hands prepare:  
His body, only, lives the anchorite!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

## American Literature in Italy.

FORTY YEARS AGO, that well-bred, versatile, but somewhat superficial person, known as 'the general reader,' did not exist in Italy. Authors there were, poets, romancists, historians, etc., and they had their admirers; but they wrote for the select few,—the *dotti*—and a popular style was the last thing they thought of cultivating. The people did not know how to read, and the higher classes did not care to do so, literary tastes being regarded with disfavor by the ruling powers. Manzoni and his son-in-law, D'Azeglio, were the first to write in a manner that the masses could comprehend. Political freedom and its concomitant advantages have wrought a great change during the last thirty years. Finding rather a dearth of light literature in their own language, and not approving overmuch of the French,—though they read it, disapproving, as English and Americans likewise do—the Italians turned at first to England and America to satisfy the growing taste for this sort of intellectual enjoyment. Almost all Italian men-of-letters have an intimate knowledge of our language and literature, and the great body of their readers are sufficiently acquainted with them to appreciate allusions and quotations, if they do not study the original works for themselves, which many do. But it would not be accurate to say that American literature is popular in the true sense of the word, for it wants more good translators to become so. The difference between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon literature is not so clearly defined in their minds as in ours. Except to the eyes of the critics, the general characteristics appear the same.

I believe Cooper's novels were the earliest of American translations, and they were the delight of Italian as well as Anglo-American youth. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' needless to say, has been devoured by every one capable of reading a work of fiction. It was

rendered into Italian very soon after its appearance. Hawthorne is not translated, but is read and admired in the original by the cultured classes. Emerson is appreciated as one of the most profound thinkers of the century by the same sort of people who read him at home, only the number is naturally much smaller. But the American who enjoys an unrivalled and lasting popularity, hardly less than that which has fallen to his lot in his own country, is Longfellow. There is no educated Italian who has not read 'Evangeline' with emotion; and I have been told by a distinguished writer that 'Excelsior' has been rendered into Italian in almost a hundred different forms. Longfellow's death was lamented in this country as no foreign author's, except Mrs. Browning's, has ever been; for it was a personal affection that was felt for the distinguished Dantesque scholar who loved Italy with more than the common devotion which all poets profess for her. Apart from that, there was something in the spirit of his genius which found an echo in the hearts of the Italian people at a time when their minds were beginning to open to a new light; when they were tired of the blood-and-thunder tragedies of Alfieri, and were trying to learn from Manzoni, Balbo, and D'Azeglio to be 'resolute and calm.'

After Longfellow, the most popular American writer is Bret Harte, of whose books two good translations have been brought out in Milan; one in a series of Choice Works of Foreign Authors edited by Salvatore Farina. The Italians boast that they were among the first to appreciate the original genius of this wonderful painter of manners. They consider him the representative novelist, as Walt Whitman is the representative poet of America, all the predecessors of these two having been affected by Old World influences, and they only being the pure production of the new continent, full of an original, half-savage, manly power.

It is a great pity that Mr. Howells has not found a translator, for there can be no doubt that his fascinating stories would be highly appreciated, more especially that perfect picture of Venetian life, 'A Foregone Conclusion.'

I have said that almost all writers know our literature well, and frequently take one of our authors as the subject of a critical essay. Bonghi and De Gubernatis are both eminent English scholars. The *Fanfulla della Domenica* is the journal that gives most attention to Anglo-American literature, though the *Domenica Letteraria* and the *Rassegna Settimanale* do not neglect it. The first has a valuable and accomplished contributor in Enrico Nencioni, who understands and expounds our authors with a clearness of judgment and acumen which would be admirable in a co-nationalist, and is much more so in a foreigner. I think I cannot better convey the opinion of the most cultivated Italians on the subject of American literature than by quoting a few lines from an article on Whitman in the *Fanfulla della Domenica*.

America has a noble file of good writers, elegant poets, lively humorists, very able critics and historians. But even to the most noteworthy, as Emerson, Poe, Bryant, Lowell, Prescott, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, there is wanting something necessary to make them rank with the first order of indisputable geniuses. Not Poe, with his instinctive feeling for form, the delicacy of his touch, the originality of his intense and painful visions; nor Hawthorne, with the wonderful perfection of his prose, with his profound sounding of the depths of the human heart, with his exquisite artistic taste, with his fine pessimistic humor; nor Longfellow—the happy Longfellow, with all his morality and popularity and his legendary Germanic sentimentalism; nor any other of the most celebrated Americans, can compare for harmony and power of intellect with the greatest English contemporaries. America has neither a critic like Carlyle, nor a romancer to be compared to Dickens, Thackeray, or George Eliot; nor a poet that approaches Tennyson, Robert Browning, or Swinburne. Almost every great nation has one poet who may be called its incarnate expression—its voice. America, up to the present, has not a voice worthy of her. But she will have it—and it will astonish old Europe.

FLORENCE, ITALY, NOV. 10, 1882.

G. S. GODKIN.

## Literature

### Heine's "Romantic School."\*

MR. FLEISHMAN deserves the thanks of all good English readers for his excellent translation of Heine's Essays on the Romantic School, to which he has added also a version of the articles on the Suabian School and 'Don Quixote.' Heine is now sufficiently familiar to the American literary public to render all praise of his work superfluous; all that remains to be done, therefore, is to examine with what skill and fidelity this volume—one of his

masterpieces—has been reproduced in our own tongue. Mr. Fleishman has undertaken his task in the proper spirit, and performed it with admirable dexterity; indeed, only in a single instance are we reminded, by a series of awkwardly-constructed phrases (page 7), that we are not getting our direct and transparent author at first-hand. In his preface, Mr. Fleishman says:

Nobody can translate Heine without facing the problem, whether to present the great man as he was, or to destroy much of the psychological value of his work by trimming it to suit the public idea, or rather the translator's idea. Once before, the present translator decided the question in the second way. He is satisfied that he made errors, both in setting himself up to judge Heine, and in distorting one of the greatest and most interesting psychological phenomena literature has produced. In this volume, so far as his abilities permit, he presents Heine as he is. If any vindication be needed, Heine must be his own.

This manly and modest avowal predisposes us at once in favor of the translator, all the more that it is in such striking contrast with the prudery and squeamishness of most English translators of Heine, who follow Bottom's counsel and make the German lion 'roar you as gently as any sucking dove.' Only in such a faithful mirror as Mr. Fleishman holds up for us can we obtain in English a just idea of the marvellous transitions of Heine's style, of his fearlessness and ruthlessness of attack in dealing with the objects of his aversion or contempt, and of his irresistible wit and myriad-sparkling fancy. As we read, we understand the hatred and positive fear excited against him during his lifetime, when from his secure citadel beyond the Rhine he sped these deadly arrows of ridicule and scorn against the literary pretenders and political tyrants of his own country. We do not wonder at the story told by his biographer, that he was granted a life-pension from his cousin Karl on condition that he would not write about his own family. His opponents had no skill to forge an armor close enough and firm enough to protect them against these fine missiles; they could only sue for mercy, and this not always with success. And yet, despite all the bitter personalities, the irony and sarcasm of the book, the impression it leaves of Heine's character is not unfavorable. The judgments he passes have been, as Mr. Fleishman remarks, confirmed by posterity, and his indignation against the false idols set up by his countrymen seems to-day justifiable. Now that the heat of party-strife and personal rivalry has subsided, we cannot bring ourselves to feel unkindly toward the man who was so indomitably sincere. Moreover, if the barbed satires against the Schlegels, Kaubach, Z. Werner, W. Menzel, Justinus Kerner, make us sympathetically wince for the victims, yet, on the other hand, Heine never speaks of the true lights of art without warming into genuine enthusiasm or tenderness. He is even reverent, incongruous as the word may sound, whenever he alludes to Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, Cervantes, Shakespeare, or even to men of genius far inferior to his own, in whom he yet recognizes real simplicity and worth—as J. H. Voss and Wilhelm Müller.

The only fault we have to find with his translator in the present instance is a venial one—*vis.*, that he has left untranslated the titles of most of the German works referred to by Heine; in a later edition this oversight should be amended. Mr. Fleishman displays admirable taste and wide command of language in his style, which faithfully reflects the frolicsome meanderings and brilliant beauty of the original.

### "The Modern Hagar."\*

IT IS, PERHAPS, a little remarkable that the few women who have adopted masculine *noms de plume* have invariably proved a certain right to do so. The lady, who in the assumed name of Charles M. Clay preserves merely her own initials, is certainly no exception. If THE CRITIC ventured to prophecy that the author of 'Baby Rue' was a woman, it was not because of any lack of masculine vigor in the book, but because, added to the vigor, was a delicacy essentially feminine. A man might have written the book, but only a woman would have made the quotations. In 'The Modern Hagar' there is noticeable a grasp even stronger, and a vigor yet more masculine; but the delicacy and the quotations are still there. 'The Modern Hagar' is not a story hastily pieced together to trade upon a previous success; neither is it one of the earlier efforts so often raked out from the ashes of the past to serve the same pecuniary end; it will be called a sequel to 'Baby Rue,' but our own feeling is that it was written at the same time as 'Baby Rue,' and that the author intended the whole to appear

\* The Romantic School. By Heinrich Heine. Translated by S. L. Fleishman. \$1.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

\* The Modern Hagar. By Charles M. Clay. 2 vols. \$2. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.



in three volumes; a theory evolved from the fact that a certain over-elaborateness in 'Baby Rue'—a note of immense preparation which the immediate results, good as they were, did not wholly justify—is easily explained by these additional volumes.

Those who may claim for 'A Modern Hagar' that it is 'the American novel' for which the literary world has long been waiting, will be able to advance strong arguments in support of their claim. In the first place it is essentially a novel. Many as are the questions of the day which are not merely 'treated' in it but are interwoven in the story, the result is a combination of incident, conversation, and plot thrilling enough to gratify the most eager reader. It is no small part of the author's skill that she has woven what must have been largely compiled from libraries or the records of friends—whatever her own experiences have been—into a tale which throbs with such intensity of life. Secondly, the incidents not only occur, and occur naturally, on American soil, but could not have occurred anywhere else. Thirdly, the novel is American in not being sectional. Judd and Hawthorne have given us Puritan New England; Howells and James are giving us the New England of to-day; from Mrs. Stowe we have studied slavery, from Cable the Creoles, from Bret Harte California and the wilderness, from Tourgée the reconstructed South, from Mrs. Burnett, Washington society; but we cannot recall an author who, in one and the same novel, has dared to take into his hand so many different threads as make up the story of 'Baby Rue' and the Rue with a difference who appears in the sequel. We pass from military life on the plains to political conventions at Cincinnati, to social life in New York and Washington, or to life as it was spent on the great Cartaret estates in Virginia; we are shown slavery from the standpoint of the beautiful slave-owning heroine, and from that of the 'Hagar,' who is thrust forth *without* her Ishmael; we are made to shrink with shame at our wrongs to the red man, while nothing is concealed of what we have had to suffer from him; and we are not allowed to feel that the horrors of war are over while capital punishment exists. It will be said, perhaps, that the author writes from a Southern point of view—circumstantial evidence certainly would prove it; but if there is love for the South there is no hatred for the North, and the author's position is apparently that of one who would fain have us, as Americans, claim part of the honor that the Southern soldiers were both honorable and brave. Of the two older heroes in the book, one fights on the Northern and one on the Southern side, with equal sincerity and unswerving friendship.

Fourthly, the story is purely American in its equal freedom from the passion which is a disgrace to French literature and from the marrying and giving in marriage without which the British novelist would die. It is free even from the sensible and sweet love-making which pervades many American stories. Love there is, indeed; but it is the love of the old Greek literature—the love of husband and wife, of father and child, of friend for friend. Neither love, in its sentimental sense, nor marriage, comes to the heroine, Rue; and although we are far from wishing to intimate that this is either a true or desirable condition for the typical American girl, we would simply note the fact that only an American would consider it possible to write a novel in which there was no hero for the heroine. It is entirely possible that love came to Rue after the book was finished; we hope it did; but the author has done American girlhood an immense service and a deserved honor in drawing the wide circle of enlarged interests which makes the happiness and usefulness of American girls quite independent of marriage. We have always thought it a distinctive quality of the American girl's love, that, strong and devoted as it may be and ought to be, it is that of 'a heart at leisure from itself,' to minister to more than one, to be happy or unhappy for more than one reason, to be not only a wife and mother, but a daughter, a sister, a benefactor, a friend,—a citizen.

#### The Campaign of the Mississippi.\*

LIEUTENANT GREENE, as he says in his preface, was not of 'the generation which fought the Great War.' His book is drawn from a study of the official records, therefore, and not from personal experience. To those who were old enough to take an intelligent interest in the War during its progress, and to those, especially, who were actively engaged in it in the field, there will seem, sometimes, to be a want of perspective in his method of treatment. Incidents

which may, at the time, have been seen to be important in their relation to other incidents, and to have an influence upon subsequent events, may appear trivial, or not appear at all, in the official record of military movements. It is not treasonable, now at least, to say that the War Department sometimes blundered; nor would it be strange if, even without any intention of misleading, those blunders should find no place, or be impossible of detection, in the archives of the War Department. Thus, for example, there is no allusion in this volume to the death of Gen. Lyon, in Missouri, during the first year of the War; yet that event unquestionably had a very decided influence on the public mind at that time and in that region, and was of an importance, therefore, not to be measured as a mere incident of battle. So, too, Frémont's campaign in Western Missouri is ignored altogether. Yet it is quite certain that that General, after encountering and overcoming great difficulties, finally overtook Price, and was on the eve of a battle in which, in all probability, he would have dispersed the Rebel army, when Hunter, who superseded Frémont, by order of Gen. Scott, countermanded the orders for battle, and instead of fighting Price, retreated before him. It is quite possible that the events of a night, decided upon at Washington, changed the course of the Rebellion for the next two years in Missouri, and, consequently, in some degree, throughout the Mississippi Valley. It is equally possible that an author who trusts to the records of the War Department may be found, in cases like this, to have lost sight of the more significant history which lies behind the military movements. Valuable as the military records at Washington are, it is probably safe to say that a truer history could be written without consulting them at all, than by relying upon them exclusively as sufficient authority for the character and influences that distinguished and prolonged the War.

We do not mean, however, that this criticism upon the records of the War Department is applicable everywhere to Lieut. Greene's volume. It is not at all certain that, after all, he may not have the advantage over all the writers of this series in being mainly independent of any contemporaneous influence from the War. The personal element must, of course, be worked out sooner or later, and, in one aspect of the subject, the real history will not be got at until it is. From this point of view, 'The Campaign of the Mississippi' has a special interest; and, as pure military history, it is a valuable commentary by the light of which all other narratives of the Western campaigns should be read.

#### Theological Literature.\*

M. LENORMANT's latest volume (1) takes the story of the origins of human history, as given in Genesis by the Elohist and the Jehovistic writers, from the Creation to the Flood, and, by comparison with the legends and myths of all other nations, attempts to show what is the real source and explanation of each. His general conclusion is that these stories are mythic in their origin, but have been purified by a monotheistic reduction, and in their new form have been adopted by inspiration as the vehicle of important moral truth. These stories he regards as brought by the Terahite migration from Mesopotamia to Canaan, and as representing very old forms of the Babylonian tales. He finds no history in them until we come to the Flood, which was a real historical event, though the details of the account in Genesis are legendary. It will be seen that he occupies theologically (and he makes his theological purpose extremely prominent), very much the position of Robertson Smith, in that his effort is to mediate between the new criticism whose results are now so largely beyond cavil, and the old faith in Christian revelation. He does not forget that he is an Apologete, and yet he never forgets that he is a scholar.

Apart from the profuse learning of his work, and the French lucidity of his style, the present volume would be of great value simply for its introduction and its appendices. First we have the biblical account analyzed (with an original translation) into its separate documents, whether from the Elohist or the Jehovist. Then follows the bulk of the volume, taken up with the comparative study of these documents and of parallel traditions; and finally come, what it would be impossible to get anywhere else without great labor, the literary sources of these parallel traditions, whether taken from Assyrian tablets, or from Berosus, Damascius, Sanchoniathon, Philo of Byblus, Pherecydes, or other writers. These alone would make the volume indispensable to a student of early faiths who may not be satisfied with Cory's imperfect 'Ancient Fragments.' There can be no question that M. Lenormant is too hasty in reaching his conclusions. Many such cases will meet the careful reader where as-

\* The Mississippi. By Francis Vinton Greene, Lieut. of Engineers, U. S. A. \$1. (Campaigns of the Civil War.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* (1) The Beginnings of History. From the Creation of Man to the Deluge. By François Lenormant. (Tr. from the 2d French Edition). With an Introduction by Francis Brown. \$2.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. (2) A Religious Encyclopedia, or Dictionary of Biblical, Doctrinal, Historical, and Practical Theology. Edited by Philip Schaff. Asst. Editors, Rev. S. M. Jackson and Rev. D. S. Schaff. Vol. 1. \$6. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. (3) History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff. (New edition.) \$4. (Vol. 1. Apostolic Christianity, A.D. 1-100.) New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. (4) Eras and Characters of History. By William R. Williams. New York: Harper & Brothers.

sertions are based on very slender fragments of evidence. Such, for example, is his notion that he finds in the story of Adam and Eve evidence that the first man is represented by the Elohist as Androgynous; and that there is an allusion to this in the New Testament expression, 'They twain shall be one flesh.' But while not a few such extravagances should put the reader on his guard, they do not destroy the general soundness of the argument.

The translation is admirably done by Miss Mary Lockwood. We have noticed but one slip (p. 128), where 'pavois' is rendered 'a great shield', instead of a 'platform.' This is further complicated by the fact that the same word on the next page is translated 'canopy.' It is noticeable also that on the Assyrian cylinder which M. Lenormant is describing there is no trace of the 'pavois' of which he speaks. It may be minute criticism to mention that more than once we have noticed the use of 'whomever' for 'whoever' (pp. 191, etc.). It is a printer's error that on p. 121 we have the strange proper name, 'Magie' for 'magic'; and perhaps this will explain, 'Goldhizer' *his* (pp. 169, 172), for 'Goldziher.' Professor Brown has been very careful in reducing M. Lenormant's French spellings of proper names and of Assyrian words to a scientific form, although now and then a word has escaped him, as 'Goula' for 'Gula' (p. 114). We cannot help wishing that he had not confined himself so rigidly to mere verbal corrections, but had added an occasional word of warning or correction of fact where later investigations would warrant it. Some inaccessible references and very important figures would have been relieved by referring to the author's new edition of his 'Histoire ancienne de l'Orient.'

HERZOG'S 'Protestantische Real-Encyclopädie' (2) has been known for years, in Germany, as the great repository of information on Biblical and theological topics, and it was a happy thought of that indefatigable scholar, Dr. Philip Schaff, to take advantage of a revised edition of this work, now appearing, and make it the basis of a similar publication in English. The field is open for it, and its success seems assured. It is, indeed, well worthy of success. By an arrangement with the German editors, the articles in the original have been condensed, corrected, many of them re-written altogether. Many new articles, by various specialists, have been added, and the endeavor to secure right proportions in the length of the different articles, always most difficult when a multitude of writers combine, is, if not wholly successful, at least more nearly so than in any work of the kind with which we are acquainted. A few typographical errors may be observed, and the specialist will occasionally detect inaccuracies or omissions of a graver sort, but these cannot affect one's judgment of the book as a whole. It will be complete in three volumes,—of which the second will be issued in the early spring—and will prove simply indispensable to every student of the Bible or of religious history. We understand that the first edition of Vol. I., numbering 5000 copies, has been exhausted since its issue on November 1st.

THE SAME VETERAN author who is providing for the general religious information of the public issues also a new edition of the first volume of his 'History of the Christian Church' (3). This history was always characterized by a strong grasp of the central, critical problems, by lucid exposition, and by an undisturbed conservatism in its final judgments. The same qualities appear in this new edition of the first volume, and besides these we have an added thoroughness in the examination and sifting of the literature of the subject,—which has grown enormously in the last twenty-five years—and the insertion of new matter enough to greatly increase not only the size but the value of the book. The same period is covered in this volume of which the author has treated in a separate work—'The History of the Apostolic Church'; but that is more concerned with the practical religious development, and this with the doctrinal and literary history of the time. Some of the conclusions as to matters of detail which are reached in this new book will be disputed by scholars. The explanation of the Pentecostal *glossolalia* as consisting of utterances which were 'at once internally interpreted and applied by the Holy Spirit himself to those hearers who believed and were converted, to each in his own vernacular dialect', hardly seems to satisfy the requirements of the text in Acts ii.; we should like to have seen some discussion of the question whether the presbyterate did not grow out of the diaconate; the second captivity of Paul seems to us still involved in uncertainty, and the treatment of the relationship between the three Synoptic Gospels leaves some open questions. But with the author's general positions, as to the authenticity of the New Testament books, the essential harmony between them, the doctrinal development of the early Christian generations, and the emphatic historical testimony here afforded to the sound basis of Christian faith, only the fullest sympathy can be expressed. The book is a digest of recent criticism of the New Testament; it contains long and thoroughly-prepared lists of the important works under the different heads; and it does not withhold recognition of scholarly merit, whether in a friend or an opponent. The second volume of the revised edition is already in press, and will be followed by two new volumes, carrying the history down to the middle of the 17th century. It is to

be hoped that nothing will now prevent the completion of this important work.

'ERAS AND CHARACTERS OF HISTORY' (4) is a collection of essay-lectures, or lecture-essays, by the Rev. Wm. R. Williams, which will give healthful entertainment for some leisure hour, when the mind is not so active as to be exacting. They are pictorial, rather than reflective, bright and rapid in style,—sometimes too rapid for logical connection—and warmly religious throughout. The author seizes some aspect of a character or movement, and draws it from a single standpoint. The result is a vivid sketch, not a complete portrayal. If you can put yourself at his point of view, you will see the thing as he sees it—even though you may not be able to forget, as he does, that there are other standpoints from which the whole may be judged, perhaps more truly, and that no one standpoint will show you all the sides. The closing chapter, 'The Puritan and the Mystic,' is a case in point; the latter serves only as a foil to the former. But, as we have said, whenever one is in a mood for vivacious, picturesque earnestness, and does not care so much for precision and thoroughly balanced judgment, this book will be a welcome companion.

#### Poems by Henry Peterson.\*

THESE POEMS have for their most salient feature intelligent and sound reasoning qualities. The thought is not brilliant, nor brilliantly expressed. As poetry one finds little that is pleasing or inspiring. There is no vivid picture, no flash of genius, no sparkle of imagery. The imagery, in fact, is commonplace and tame. There is regularity of rhythm and smoothness, but the verses when rhymed are at their lowest, when unrhymed and nearer to prose they are at their best. Yet, while one, thinking of the glow and beauty and richness of true verse, must say this of Mr. Peterson's poems, one must speak far more warmly of their value as works of a more or less dramatic art. They do interest and entertain. Although the reader cannot escape the conviction that he is reading a theological discussion rather than a drama,—in 'The Modern Job,' for instance—it is still dialogue, where the speakers are clever, intelligent, and distinctly individual. The writer has a clear head, a cool and independent judgment, a boldness of thought, which touch the drama with spice. The two leading disputants in this theological discussion are Job and Judas. The Rev. Paul and the Rev. Calvin, who take the religious views indicated by their names, are quickly floored by Judas; but he of the unsavory name and Job are fairly matched—the one representing, perhaps, the protoplasmic, the other the creative theory of life. Job follows in the track of his great prototype, and is good, though the goodness is ineffective as a stimulant to the mind. Judas, like his great prototype, is wicked, but not wickedly wicked. He hardly makes us afraid of him, though he argues well from the protoplasmic standpoint. He is a dwarf by birth, an atheist in theology, a very clever schoolman by education, and a Samaritan by instinct. If he had lived in the Middle Ages he would have 'gone about doing good,' but he would have 'pinned up theses on the gates of all the hospitals'; so that he is a very bad Judas. Although he chooses to live in a hut and say nasty things of the world, like a good many shining philosophers who do not live in huts, but in sylvan shades and classic halls, he has a wondrous trick of pulling unhappy people out of the mire for the sake of banging them afterward with his anti-theologic club—which he does as effectively as if he were possessed of the old

Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Beat with fist instead of a stick.

Job is a much more cheerful philosopher in theory, who, although he has his share of boils, hardly feels them enough to make him a good scriptural Job. His beautiful daughter, Miriam, is too much of a saint to be long for this world; and when she has invested the surly dwarf with a 'woven chain of hair' and a cross, we feel that she has done the right thing in the accepted manner, and that Job will lose her soon. This is a consumptive act, under the circumstances, and Judas takes a sensible view of it when he says:

But what a shame to waste your golden hair  
On such a cur as I.

Most of the shorter poems have the tale-telling element strongly present, but the enthusing, magnetic quality is lacking.

#### "Minor Wars of the United States" †

THERE IS A fashion in literature as in everything else, and for the last six years it has taken the direction, in this country, of American history. This is due, of course, largely to the publishers, who are quick to discern the drift of popular thought, and not less prompt to take advantage of it. Authors, however, who have nothing to do with publishers till they lay their mss. before them, are not less influenced by the evident newly-awakened interest in the subject. The general

\* Poems. By Henry Peterson. Including *The Modern Job*. \$1. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

† *A History of The French War, ending in The Conquest of Canada*. By Rossiter Johnson. Illustrated. (*Minor Wars of the United States*.) New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.



result is that hardly a week passes without the appearance of a volume of general history, or one of a series on particular epochs, or on some special class of eminent men; or of philosophical treatment of religious, intellectual and political causes of growth at different periods. A 'History of the French War' is the first of a new series of the Minor Wars of the United States proposed by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. Perhaps a better title of this volume would have been A History of the Colonial Wars between England and France: for the warfare, though almost continuous, had, nevertheless, distinct outbreaks. The author, however, evidently assumes that the distinction is sufficiently preserved in the titles to his several chapters, wherein the several contests for territorial conquest are distinguished as King William's War, Queen Anne's War, King George's War, and so on. For the general reader, this, no doubt, is quite clear enough, though he may sometimes be a little at a loss to understand what particular struggle is referred to in other works as the 'Old French War.' But about the purpose of the volume there can be no question,—to give a plain narrative of the long-continued border warfare between the French and English colonists, in which the Indian tribes were so deeply involved, both for themselves and their allies; and of the final conquest of Canada. It is not overburdened with disquisitions upon the philosophy of history, or the influence of European politics upon the relations of the colonies; but is simply a plain and lively narration of early military events belonging to the colonial period, well adapted to the class of readers for whom it was written.

#### Poetical Anthologies.

UNDER THE TITLE, 'Golden Apples of Hesperus,' Mr. W. J. Linton printed last year a dainty volume of poems 'not in the collections.' The edition was limited to 225 copies, and was sold for \$10 a volume. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Linton not only drew and engraved the illustrations, but set the type and printed the book with his own hands. This year he turns it over to the Messrs. Roberts, who have issued it, quite as tastefully, under the title, 'Rare Poems' (\$2.) One half of the woodcuts of 'Golden Apples' are omitted, new ones being substituted. Instead of the poems of the 19th century, we are given additional ones of the 16th and 17th centuries, with 'a selection from the anonymous writings of the same period, out of early miscellanies, or from reprints.' The notes given at the end of the volume are all new and all interesting. The poems that Mr. Linton has collected have, for some reason, escaped most of the anthology-makers. *The Literary World* thinks it is because some of them are 'smutty,' and 'could not be read aloud in the family circle.' Perhaps so; but we would be sorry to have to accept the 'family circle' as a court-of-appeals to determine the quotability of the old song-writers. Poems that may be read around the sitting-room lamp outnumber the less delicate ones in this collection, however, and it will be easy for the reader to skip those to which exception may be taken. Mr. Linton has given a personal interest to the volume by his illustrations, which appear sometimes in the text, and sometimes on the margins.

ANOTHER VOLUME of rare poems, though they are not so called, is Bell's 'Songs from the Dramatists.' (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.) Mr. Bell was the first to make such a collection; and small as the book is, it is clear that a great amount of labor has gone to its preparation. There were a great many plays written between 'Ralph Roister Doister' and 'The School for Scandal,' and Mr. Bell has had to go through all of them. Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, are oftenest quoted, the latter supplying 27 songs and the former 23. No lover of old English literature can afford to be without this volume, which the publishers have issued in such handsome style. The type and printing are the best of Francis Hart's work. Our only criticism is that the capital letters which begin each poem are too trifling in their ornamentation. Plain antique type, or an engraved initial, would have been more appropriate.

THERE CAN BE NO complaint that 'The Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song,' compiled by Charlotte Fiske Bates (T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$5), is unsuited for reading 'in the family circle.' To the Editor's 'sincere regret,' and 'through circumstances over which she had no control, Joaquin Miller, John White Chadwick, and Walt Whitman are unrepresented in this volume.' Can it be for 'family circle' reasons? If it is, then why is Oscar Wilde represented? The first aim of the compiler has been 'to represent the genius of woman as fairly as that of man.' If woman's genius can be shown by the amount of space given her in an anthology, then here is her opportunity. Mrs. Bates has found 110 female poets, but she has had to hunt through all the poet's corners of the magazines and newspapers to find them. The most striking omission is that of Mrs. Clementine Howarth, a true poet;—though the Sweet Singer of Michigan may also feel aggrieved at the silent contempt with which Mrs. Bates regards her. The men have more than their share of space, except the great ones, who are crowded to the wall by the minor singers. This will strike the reader at once. For example, the compiler gives four poems from Poe and one from William Blake, with eighteen from Tupper, and five from—Charlotte Fiske Bates. There is much to criticize in the work, but with all its

faults it will be found a useful book-of-reference. We doubt if minor contemporaneous poets have been so well represented before, or will ever be so well represented again. Typographically, the volume is a handsome one.

#### Maria Edgeworth and Lydia Maria Child.\*

IT IS CERTAIN that our grandchildren will not read Miss Edgeworth, but it is also certain that they will want to know who she was. Nor will it be amiss for some who are older, whose associations with Miss Edgeworth are of the 'Harry and Lucy' order, to be reminded that Macaulay considered her the second woman of her age, Madame de Staël being the first; that Sydney Smith delighted to talk to her, and Sir Walter Scott to correspond with her. Mrs. Oliver has performed a task for which she is entitled to special gratitude; she has chosen her subject not because it was popular, nor even because it was a special favorite with herself, but from a deep sense of obligation to the writer who had been dear to her in her childhood. Miss Edgeworth's biography would be interesting, if only as the record of a literary woman whose public career was neither the cause nor the effect of domestic unhappiness. The relation between father and daughter was peculiarly close, from the time when he first stimulated her to literary work by asking from her 'a short paper, about the length of a *Spectator*, on the subject of "Generosity,"' to the days when they wrote and published together. That Maria kept her writing-desk in the common sitting-room through the reigns of four Madam Edgeworths, and the advent of twenty-two children, would seem sufficient evidence of her pleasant relations with the rest of the family. The book, like Miss Edgeworth's life, is quiet, pleasant, and studious in tone, while it is not destitute of good anecdotes, like that of Sir Walter assenting to Miss Edgeworth's proposition to see Melrose by moonlight, in accordance with his well-known advice, saying, 'By all means, let us go, for I myself have never seen Melrose by moonlight!'

IT WOULD BE a comprehensive criticism of Mrs. Child's Letters to say, 'It is good for us to read these things.' Her life is not merely the biography of one who, fifty years ago, was the most popular literary woman of the day; it is also a record of a stirring period of national history. It is not enough for our children to learn from text-books that Robert G. Shaw took command of a colored regiment and died with his men at Fort Wagner; they should see the scene as Mrs. Child saw it, and as her admirable letters enable us to see it still. She was one of the fortunate ones who lived to see their daring hopes realized, and the convictions that had made them unpopular justified; whose motives were so high that even their joy in the result was marred by the consciousness of its having been chosen as a military necessity. Buckle and Carlyle may discuss whether the Man makes the Time or the Time the Man; but it is highly probable that the Man makes the Woman of the Time; and Mrs. Child dates all her interest in the cause which she served so loyally and so long from her introduction to Garrison. Her life is a noble illustration of plain living and high thinking; yet in the midst of necessary simplicity she delighted much in beauty. That her effusive gratitude for her friends' attentions was no mere gust of sentiment is shown in the frankly humorous letter to Mrs. Shaw concerning a breviary that had been sent her. Mrs. Child's humor is well known, and those who read the Letters will find not only picturesque history, domestic sweetness, and literary culture, but a spirit of fun that would enliven much dryer material.

#### Recent Fiction.

MISS PHELPS is well fitted to write a novel with a purpose; she has the enthusiasm of her opinions, but the keen humor which balances her tendency to sentiment makes her willing to give her enemy points. In 'Doctor Zay'† her purpose is to show that a young woman may be a physician and still be womanly; she would prefer to have the young woman a homeopathist, but she is quite willing to dwell for amusement on the apparent little absurdities of that branch of the profession. It goes without saying that 'Doctor Zay' is delightful reading, and it is unusually free from Miss Phelps's mannerism. Its one great mistake is the abruptness of its close. We all knew what was to be done with the patronizing young man who wrote home to his mother of the pleasant young lady he had found in Maine. 'Remind me to tell you about her when I come home'; and we all knew what would eventually become of the professional young woman; what we do not know, and what we wanted to know, is how the problem was solved after marriage. Many of us are already convinced that a woman may be womanly and be a physician, but some of us still wonder whether she can be a wife and mother and a physician, too. In 'The Story of Avis' Miss Phelps treated similar complexities with a skill and sympathy that made the story, with all

\* (1) A Study of Maria Edgeworth. By Grace A. Oliver. Boston: A. Williams & Co. (2) Letters of L. Maria Child. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Doctor Zay. By E. S. Phelps. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

its faults of style, one of the remarkable novels of our generation; but the problem of medicine after marriage is a deeper one than that of painting, and if Miss Phelps believes in it, she ought not to tacitly confess its solution beyond her power. When Yorke goes back to the Maine wilderness to see Dr. Zay again, his belief in her womanliness he thinks beautifully justified by finding her sheltered from the whirling snow-storm in an 'office' and parlor, bright with fire and lights, full of blossoming plants and fragrance, in the midst of which his lady-love, a gracious, exquisite presence, moves about in a lovely dress trimmed with fur. We are perfectly willing to believe that, provided she was there, Dr. Zay would have made the scene a womanly one; but the chances being nine out of ten, in such a very sickly town as Sherman is represented to be, that she would have been occupied with a 'case' some five miles from the parlor, which would then have been unlighted and unwarmed, and the certainty being that this would happen more than once after the office was removed to Beacon Street, we should be glad to know what the effect would then have been on the young man's affections. No woman should be prevented from adopting any profession that she may like, and it is not singular that medicine should offer great attractions to an earnest and helpful woman; but that any woman should wish after marriage to continue the profession, in any but that benevolent practice which in itself would offer a wide field, is hard to understand.

MRS. SPOFFORD, in her delightful story of 'Hester Stanley,\* has given us a surprise in demonstrating her ability to do without bric-à-brac, under stern necessity. The story is one for girls about fifteen years of age, and the dormitories of the boarding-school where the scene is laid are as bare as they would probably have been in real life; not a single mother-of-pearl bedstead dares to raise a silken canopy; and the garden is an actual old-fashioned garden, instead of the literary conservatory, only adapted to the movements of a Tennyson's Maud, into which Mrs. Spofford usually leads us. She surprises us again by showing a decided gift for humor. We recommend the book to everybody.

GOOD WINE needs no bush, and Miss Alcott needs no reviewer.† It is true that her style has changed a little since the publication of 'Little Women'; her little people incline more to a style of thought and conversation suggestive of the Sunday-school, and the present volume of 'Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag' (1) has much to do with fairies. But everything of hers is sure to be entertaining, and if in the 'Proverb Stories' (2), many of which are already familiar to her readers, she has included a somewhat sensational tale, called 'The Baron's Gloves,' she confesses in her preface that it is only done to gratify the curiosity of those who have wondered just how 'Jo' began her literary work, and to show other beginners what *not* to write.

IN HER STORY OF 'Robin,‡ Mrs. Parr delineates neither the typically perfect nor the typically wicked heroine, but simply a young girl with what George Eliot would call 'bits of commonness.' She only disapproves of gambling because of possible losses; she not only listens to her father's doubtful stories, but helps his memory with names and dates; and she asks her husband innocently when they are leaving lodgings, 'Shall we be able to pay the people before we go?' The wonderful success of the delineation is in the fact that the author never allows us to despise the poor girl, and in the manner in which we are made to feel that her faults were wholly those of education, in being brought up by a Bohemian father; while, with admirable truth to nature, Mrs. Parr does not wholly cure Robin of her 'commonness,' even after her association with higher interests and nobler people. The story is extremely interesting, and the literary style excellent.

'THOSE CHILDREN'§ is a story about schools, intended to illustrate the advantages of the kindergarten and Quincy methods of teaching, mingled with a good deal of domesticity of the 'Helen's Babies' order, and a quite unnecessary melodramatic love story among the elders. What the author says about teaching is very true in a way: a good many of us believe that grammars should exist only for the philologist, and that spelling-books should not exist at all; and the majority are ready to condemn the ancient methods of 'grading,' associated as they are with competition and 'marks'; but Mr. Brooks's ideal school has its objections, and would only be possible, indeed, in a small country village, with a 'select' number of pupils. It is entirely true that teachers should expect to *teach*, not merely to hear lessons; but we also think that pupils should expect to study, not merely to listen. If the old systems were a terrible strain upon the brains of the pupils, we should think Mr. Brooks's method would be fatal to the brains and strength of the teachers. To make study interesting *as study*, not to disguise it as a game, is the true problem; and we are far from sharing the lugubrious feelings of the author. The new methods are creeping in as fast as can be expected of any

reform; text-books are daily improving, and teachers are fast learning to do without text-books, and to include the newspapers as a factor in education. There is certainly need enough for reform, for the proof of the inadequacy of the old method is sufficient from the results.

'DIDDIE, DUMPS, AND TOT,' by Louise-Clarke Pyrrnelle (Harper: \$1), should be purchased for every household and read aloud to the entire family. To the children it will be a rich treat; for Diddie and Dumps are infinitely more entertaining than 'Helen's Babies,' whether they are frolicking as 'Injuus,' or making earnest attempts to write a book, or remarking sorrowfully, when reproved for being very bad children, 'We're a heap mo' better'n we're bad.' Nothing could be more delicious in its way than their confession of badness to their father. To their elders, the book will be even more interesting, as a study of plantation life, keeping alive the old stories, legends, traditions, games, hymns and superstitions of the Southern slaves.

#### Minor Notices.

MR. WM. R. PLUM, the author of these two volumes on 'The Military Telegraph during the Civil War' (Jansen, McClurg & Co. \$5), was a military telegraph operator during the War, and is therefore thoroughly familiar with his subject. The portions devoted to 'ancient and modern means of communication,' and to the various ciphers used on both sides during the War, make the work almost technical. In addition to this, the minute narrative of the services of the telegraph corps with the several armies, the devices they resorted to, the risks they took, the dangers they encountered, their devotion to their duties with little reward and almost no honor, give the volumes a peculiar value to that large class connected with the telegraph system. Nor is it without a good deal of interest to the unprofessional reader, though he may sometimes weary of details which he hardly understands, however instructive and entertaining they may be to those familiar with such work. To most persons, however, they will be a revelation of how dependent modern warfare is upon this method of communication, and how much its movements are carried on over the wires. If it was tentative in other wars that preceded it, in our Civil War, particularly on the Federal side, it was brought almost to perfection. One thing only remains, should we again be so unhappy as to be engaged in another war on land; and that is, that to the telegraph corps shall be given a better recognized *status*, like that accorded to the engineer corps of an army. In reading these volumes, one cannot escape the reflection that scant justice was done to a body of men whose services were so indispensable to military movements, and who often discharged their duties with a courage and devotion only looked for in soldiers on a forlorn-hope.

IT WILL BE a pleasure to scholars to see a translation of the wise old German poet and professor, Friedrich Rückert, who was so steeped in the Oriental learning as to become in spirit an Oriental, and who introduced Germany to much that was most beautiful in the Brahminic literature. 'The Wisdom of the Brahmin,' published originally in six volumes (1836-'9), consists of twenty books, of which Mr. Charles T. Brooks's translation covers the first six (Roberts: \$1.50). They are a 'sea of thoughts and contemplations full of Brahminic tranquillity and German depth and fulness, in simple gnomes, epigrams, parables, fables and tales,' some of which have been given fragmentarily to English readers by Mr. Brooks, N. L. Frothingham, and other scholarly translators. Few men have a more genuine love for German poetry, or a more refined love for the German mystical speculation, than Mr. Brooks. For half a century his chaste and kindly muse has done in all humility the secondary work of the poet, translating for us many a fine bit of German verse. He seems in the present volume to have been happy in keeping the keen edge of each thought. He is less happy, perhaps, in giving vigor and strength to his poetical forms, or in imparting to them a melodious variety. Rückert was full of wise saws and *ancient* instances, colored perhaps by modern thought, but dressed in an ancient garb. Some are beautiful, some fanciful, some merely bits of wisdom without ornamental attractions; but all are worth reproduction in the English dress.

'OUTLINES OF JURISPRUDENCE,' by B. R. Wise (Oxford: J. Thornton), is a pocket compendium for a law student, intended, as the preface relates, to be a 'critical and explanatory commentary upon the Jurisprudence text-books in common use.' The matter is necessarily much condensed, for the author covers the whole field of work in some 150 pages of small octavo. The references to authorities, which form a running commentary upon the text, are of great assistance, and make the work a valuable one to lawyers and students of history. Mr. Wise is a young London barrister, late of Queen's College, Oxford, who is already winning for himself a position not only in his profession but as a writer on political economy as well.

MR. GEORGE B. BARTLETT is well known to all who are interested in the diffusion of healthy amusement among the young, and this book of 'New Games for Parlor and Lawn' (Harper: \$1) worthily sustains his reputation. It gives the necessary directions for playing half a-hundred in-door games, and nearly a dozen out-door sports. Besides many new games invented or improved by himself, Mr.

\* Hester Stanley at St. Mark's. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. (Illustrated), \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† (1) Proverb Stories. \$1.25. (2) Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag. \$1. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

‡ Robin. By Mrs. Parr. \$1. Holt's Leisure Hour Series.

§ Those Children. By Byron A. Brooks. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Bartlett has included hints for the playing of not a few of the old favorites. Especially to be praised is the willingness with which he describes and advocates games for young people which demand some study or some tincture of literature, and which are, therefore, stimulating to the mind, and likely to set the ambitious youngster reading. Two slight mistakes call for correction in subsequent editions. One occurs on pages 57-60, where 'The Enigma Game' should be termed 'The Charade Game,' as the neatly versified examples show. The other is on page 69, where a game is called by the nondescript word 'Boquetaire,' which is neither French, nor English, nor American, and which should be 'Bouquetière,' as the context shows—although a simple English name would be better still.

#### Holiday Books.

AMONG the holiday books that have reached us, none is more imposing than 'Evangeline,' illustrated by F. O. C. Darley. The handsome paper and large clear type would of themselves make this a notable edition of Longfellow's famous poem, but to these are added the sixteen full-page illustrations by Mr. Darley. While we are not among the most ardent admirers of this artist's work, we respect its sincerity. It seldom offends; and it has many of the characteristics of the drawings of Sir John Gilbert, which were so largely sought after a generation ago. There is an old-fashioned simplicity about Mr. Darley's illustrations that harmonizes well with the homely grace of 'Evangeline.' The binding of the present volume is odd, being an imitation alligator skin, held together by wisps of silk. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$10.)

FOR TWO YEARS now we have enjoyed Mr. Abbey's series of illustrations of Herrick's poems in *Harper's Monthly*, and have often thought, 'What a beautiful book these will make.' Our expectations are more than realized. From Mr. Austin Dobson's fragrant introduction to the very last page of the book there is a pervading charm, due by no means solely to the poet. Mr. Abbey has found the making of these pictures a congenial task, and he has shown great versatility in the treatment of his subjects, being as felicitous in delineating the hideousness of 'ye Hag' as in portraying the beauty of 'Chloris Walking in ye Snowe'. The cover of the volume is of a striking design, with lettering in the old style. The pansies scattered over it suggest the fields and meadows which form the background of so many of the scenes described. (Harper: \$10.)

'ENGLAND, PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE,' by Joel Cook (Porter & Coates: \$7.50), is a sort of high-class guide-book. It is not of a very convenient size for the satchel, being a portly quarto; but it will be found a suggestive and useful work, either to read before a tour of England or to refresh the memory after one. It is profusely illustrated, and is written in an easy and entertaining style. CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN & CO. have brought out an edition of Carey's translation of Dante's 'Inferno,' with Doré's illustrations, at a reduced price, \$6. It is printed from the same plates as the more expensive edition, and makes a handsome volume. 'THE CHANGING YEAR,' from the same firm (\$3.), is a collection of poems and pictures for every season. The idea is a popular one, for there is something in the book for every mood as well as for every season.

NO MATTER how many editions of *The Spectator* are represented on his shelves, no lover of the 18th century essayists will regard his collection as complete till it includes a copy of 'Sir Roger de Coverley' (Appleton: \$2.25). This is nothing more or less than a reprint of the twenty-odd papers in which the worthy Knight of that name was introduced to the readers of the journal which has so long been applauded as a model of literary style. The countless illustrations, which really illustrate a text commonly held to need no interpretation; the appropriate head- and tail-pieces, calculated to pique the curiosity of even an indifferent reader; the beauty of the letter-press, which is as old-fashioned as the Addisonian phrases beneath it; the delicately designed and tinted cover—these are external graces to which none but a dullard could be indifferent. For the illustrations, we are indebted to Charles O. Murray; for the engraving, to James D. Cooper; for the typographical excellences of the book, to Gilbert & Rivington. To whom we are indebted for the error which assigns the etched frontispiece to page 78 instead of 73, we cannot say. A slight sketch of Addison's regular features and luxuriant curls is given, but, curiously enough, his name is nowhere mentioned.

#### Children's Books.

A SAVAGE dropped into a modern bookstore would undoubtedly suppose literature to be something to look at; something, like Wordsworth's Nature, with 'no charm unborrowed from the eye.' Everything, from an encyclopædia to Mother Goose, must be illustrated, and the first criticism that occurs to us of Mrs. Sanford's 'From May to Christmas' (Dutton: \$2) is that it is a beautiful book. There are, indeed, two sets of illustrations in it: sketchy outline pictures, that satisfy children, and minute, carefully-finished drawings, that would delight even the exacting readers of *Harper's* or *The Century*.

We may also state that the literary part of the book is calmly innocent in its nature, and if read aloud with due inflection and emphasis would undoubtedly give much pleasure to hearers about six years of age.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE are happy in the possession of three of the best living illustrators of children's books—Walter Crane, R. Caldecott, and Kate Greenaway; and it is their aim to bring out every year some new work by one of them. This year their finest gem is in the smallest box. It is a tiny 'Almanack for 1883,' by Kate Greenaway (50 c.). If it were not for the date on this little volume, we would think that it had been found among some 'Grandma's attic treasures.' Miss Greenaway is so far superior to any of her imitators that in her own hands her style is never tiresome. Tiny as this almanac is, the illustrations are charming and full of character. The engraving and coloring have been done by Edmund Evans in the artistic manner which has won for him so pleasant a reputation. MR. CALDECOTT has illustrated 'The Milkmaid' (Routledge: 50 cts.), whose pert 'Nobody asked you, sir, she said' has made her famous. Mr. Caldecott has caught the humor of the lines and made the most of it. He has also made a great deal of 'Hey, Diddle, Diddle!' and 'Baby Bunting,' in one volume (50 c.). These are the sort of books to bring up Baby Buntings on. We were about to say, by the way, that they were printed as well as if they had come from the press of Edmund Evans; but, on turning to the back, we found that they were the work of that clever color-printer himself. 'THE CHILDREN'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE' (Routledge: \$2) is a boy's book. Little girls are not as keenly interested as their brothers in the doings of the clown and the trick donkeys. All the wonders of the sawdust ring are here represented in flaming colors, and it will prove a consolation to many a boy to con them when the 'show' itself is out of reach. As a work of art it will not compare with the foregoing, but it will please most youngsters as well. FROM CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN & CO. we have received 'Happy Little People' (\$1.75)—a book which will no doubt make many little people happy; and 'Two Tea Parties' (\$2), by Rosalie Vanderwater, illustrated by Wilson de Merza. Mr. De Merza's pictures, we should say, have suffered in the engraving and coloring. The ideas are so good that we do not like to hold him responsible for the broken noses and purple faces of the children. It is a pity that the inside of the book could not have been as well printed as the cover. 'OUTLINES FOR THE LITTLE ONES TO COLOR,' by T. Pym (E. P. Dutton & Co.: 35 c.), will make every child who can wield a paint-brush happy. 'ELFIN LAND,' with rhymes by Josephine Pollard, and designs by Walter Satterlee (Geo. W. Harlan & Co.: \$2.50), is a fantastic book, and will open up a whole fairy world to its young readers. The cover is striking, and so are the illustrations. The verses are spirited descriptions of the pictures.

THOSE CHILDREN who have known George Cruikshank as an illustrator of Dickens, if they have known him at all, will find his namesake just as amusing and grotesque in the colored designs to 'The Horkey,' a ballad, by Robert Bloomfield (Macmillan: \$1.50). They might easily mistake these for Miss Greenaway's work. WE SHOULD SAY that 'Five Little Flower Songs for the Dear Wee Folk,' by M. S. F. (A. Williams: 50 c.), was a book to be read to the 'wee folk' rather than to be read by them. It is tastefully printed, and has an ornamental border around each page. All the flowers the children particularly love are sung in these verses. 'HOLIDAYS AT HOME,' by Margaret Vandergrift (Porter & Coates), is a collection of stories for children eight or ten years of age, and is full of anecdotes of animals and the adventures of boys and girls. It is profusely illustrated. ALL THE BOYS and girls who have read 'Toby Tyler' (are there any who have not?) will want to read the sequel to that exciting book; so 'Mr. Stubbs's Brother' (Harper) is sure of a large audience. We meet again our old friends of the circus, association with whom has been too much for Toby, and we find him improvising a circus of his own. On the cover are given the portraits of the partners in this show, including Mr. Stubbs's brother, who was its chief attraction. 'MISS DEWBERRY'S SCHOLARS,' by Mrs. M. E. Sangster (Whittaker: \$1), is dated 1882, but it is an old-fashioned story, dealing even with a little girl who admired the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. It is adapted to children about the age of ten, and although it can hardly be said to be hilarious, it is a sensible and practical little story.

#### Mr. Jason Gould.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

IN A recent number of THE CRITIC, I noticed an allusion to a 'Mr. Jason Gould.' May I ask whether or no the reference was to the railroad king commonly known as 'Jay' Gould? E. F. M.  
MANHATTAN, KANS., Nov. 25, 1882.

[Our correspondent is correct in his surmise. Mr. Gould was christened Jason, or at least was always so denominated by his father; but at school, and among the people of the neighborhood, he was called Jay for short. In the section of the country where Mr. Gould's childhood was passed, every Jason is a Jay.]

## The Critic

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SUBSCRIPTION: \$2 a year, in advance; teachers and clergymen, \$1.60. Bound volumes Vol. 1, \$3. each; unbound sets (26 numbers), \$2.50; cloth covers for binding, 50 cts. Remittances should be made by post-office order, express order, registered letter, or cheque. The publishers cannot assume responsibility for currency enclosed in unregistered letters.

See advertisement of THE CRITIC on Page X.

### George Ripley as a Critic.

MR. GEORGE RIPLEY, to whose life and work attention has been called by Mr. Frothingham's carefully-prepared volume in the American Men-of-Letters Series, was the prince of critics and princely in his criticisms; for the true prince, as well as the true critic, should be heavenly in temper, capable of shining on the heights as well as of flashing into the depths of men, keen to detect vice and prick it with the Ithuriel spear, judicious in touching mere error with the balsam of healing, but royal in the recognition of virtue. He must have in view many interests, and see broadly what will best help those interests. His own private tastes must be in abeyance; for the public taste is varied and has a quality of justice in all its varieties. Honesty, morality, progress in letters and progress in knowledge, should produce his only bias, deterioration and dishonesty his only prejudice. It was noticeable to those who followed Mr. Ripley through the many years of his connection with the *Tribune*, that there was no department more alive to the stimulating advance of thought than the literary department. Mr. Ripley was brought up with the leaders of thought, who then most centred about Boston. He was himself one of the most enthusiastic leaders, and though his enthusiasm struck inward when he came to New York, it never died, but remained a powerful working force, tangible to his friends in private life, and visible to the initiated in his choice of topics for reviewing, particularly visible when he happened upon some book of the masters in science who then made an epoch every five years by some startling, strong, and overturning volume. These were the outcropping moments of his enthusiasm, and any one who will turn back to his expository reviews of Darwin, of Spencer, of Huxley, and the other English scientific and sociological writers, will find the sparkle and vigor of Mr. Ripley's early manhood everywhere present. But his was a proud and sensitive nature which, having shown itself once to the world and got laughed at, could not afford the torment a second time, and yet a nature so fine and firm that it could not lose its quality. The world had its laugh at him once, but ever after, out of a warm but proud heart, he had his quiet laugh at the world. This was visible in his face and conversation, even more than in his writings. Some thought it indicated cynicism, but it was sensitiveness. It was his defence against the possible sneer of the world.

Such was Mr. Ripley's mental attitude after he came to New York—assumed, perhaps, some time before his leaving Boston, and ever after retained in his public and in his more open private walk. The boy was not wholly out of him, but it was reserved for his intimates. The world was too cold a place for the lavish expenditure of one's private fuel. He would make no more bold onslaughts, in the face of society, upon the existing state of things (like that of Brook Farm); neither would he yield his personality to the stream of evil influences. He was still as much a reformer behind his mask as he was in the dairy and parlor and school-room of the Farm community. Everybody could see this who watched the literary column of the *Tribune*, which presented in those days the most vigorous, as well as the most stimulating, literary criticism in America. *The North American Review*, with

Whipple and Hillard and Lowell and Peabody and the best lights of New England, presented a ponderous and solid front; but the *Tribune*, with Ripley and Dana, both in their prime, and leading a corps of keen and magnificently-equipped writers in every department, probably did more than any review toward popularizing good reading and elevating the tone of American literature. It was largely through this work that good foreign writers came to be read more in America than abroad, and that some fine home-writers came to be national in reputation. The true work of the good critic was never better done. The critic never feared to strike when a blow could be useful; but the whipper-snapper method of ignorant writers, of cutting off the heads of daisies merely because they were not roses, or perhaps only for the pleasure of seeing the heads fly, was alien to every fibre of Mr. Ripley's intellectual constitution. His was neither an ungenerous nor a dyspeptic criticism. With a leaning to the New England school of thought in philosophy,—so far as that could be said to be a school where independence of thought was the prime article in every one's creed—and to the English progression in science and sociology, his taste was fine and just in poetry and *belles-lettres*, and generous toward the new American element of humor then just beginning to glow. He was quick to detect what was new and fresh in spirit, but equally ready to recognize sound thinking in the old spirit, and to give it the full benefit of a fair statement. His reviews of Emerson, Longfellow, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, Whittier, Bryant, usually showed best his leaning, and sparkled with warmth, though he could touch even his favorites with the Ithuriel spear. His exposition of philosophy and theology, when these represented any sound thinking, was always full and just to the author, and while it was generally possible to discover his own views of the subject treated, it was also possible—and this cannot always be said of critical writing—to discover precisely what the author's view was. A fair statement of the author's position—when possible, in his best words—and a generous construction of that position, with allowance for inadvertent discrepancies, was always the basis of Mr. Ripley's criticism; and this is the test of the strong, true, well-equipped critic, that he should let his author be fairly represented. If he is to be combatted, it should be in fair fight—no blow below the belt.

Mr. Ripley's breadth and strength as a critic showed best in this generous treatment when he was dealing with a strong man, and a certain chivalric treatment when he was dealing with one who was weak but not vicious. As far as the true interest of letters allowed, he was lenient to small faults. To those who knew him in private life, his gold-rimmed spectacles lent benevolence to his aspect; but the eye could snap behind the spectacles at presumption or pretence. And so also in his literary judgments: the gold lent its lustre to such virtues as he found; but behind it the eyes could flash wrath upon sham or charlatany.

### An Authors Club.

AN AUTHORS CLUB was started in this city the other day, which is said to be entirely for social purposes, the design being to hold two informal meetings every month, to which each member is entitled to bring a friend. We learn that the Constitution is a very simple affair; that there is to be no President; and that economy is to be the rule. So far as we can discover, the founders of the Club had no very deep or extravagant purposes in view. In a city like this, the centrifugal forces are stronger than the centripetal, and it seems to be necessary to adopt some artificial means of bringing about a proper and wholesome feeling of comradeship between members of the literary profession. Journalists, artists, architects, lawyers, physicians, hat-makers, meet each other in special societies or clubs; there are several flourishing clubs and societies, also, of mixed membership, as to the professions; but hitherto there has been no common meeting-ground for authors. It may be that such a meeting-ground is not particularly desirable, but there appears to have been something like a spontaneous demand for such a thing at the present moment among the authors themselves, and it seems to us that the experiment is well worth trying. Of course, where it is necessary to discriminate in the matter of membership, there is sure to be plenty of heart-burning and detraction (the latter has, in fact, already begun). There will also be just criticism of those errors of taste and judgment which are inherent in frail human nature, even the human nature of 'men-of-letters.' However, as the club is entirely a social affair with no intention of drawing to itself public attention in any way, we do not see why it should not go on quietly and



successfully to the accomplishment of its modest and praiseworthy mission. The membership is temporarily limited to fifty, and thirty-six members have already been chosen. It will be seen by the following list of present members that the word author has (not improperly) been made to apply to certain gentlemen on account of their official position, so to speak, as the editors of leading reviews:

H. M. Alden, W. L. Alden, Henry M. Baird, John Bigelow, Vincenzo Botta, H. H. Boyesen, Noah Brooks, John Burroughs, S. S. Conant, George William Curtis, Henry Drisler, Edward Eggleston, Geo. C. Eggleston, Sydney Howard Gay, Richard Watson Gilder, Edwin L. Godkin, Parke Godwin, John Habberton, J. R. G. Hassard, Bronson Howard, Laurence Hutton, Charles de Kay, Clarence King, Charlton T. Lewis, Jonas M. Libbey, Hamilton W. Mabie, J. Brander Matthews, W. S. Mayo, Geo. Edgar Montgomery, Frederick Law Olmsted, Raphael Pumpelly, Allen Thorndike Rice, Edmund C. Stedman, Richard Henry Stoddard, Richard Grant White, and E. L. Youmans.

At a meeting held last Tuesday, the following members were elected as an Executive Committee: H. M. Baird, Noah Brooks, E. Eggleston, E. L. Godkin, L. Hutton, C. de Kay, C. T. Lewis, E. C. Stedman, and R. G. White.

FRANCOIS LENORMANT, the Author of 'The Beginnings of History', reviewed in another column, is the most voluminous of living European writers on the archaeology and early history of the lands which enclose the Mediterranean Sea, and represent the culture of the ancient world. He is also the most fertile in novel suggestions; the swiftest, if not the surest, to conjecture the meaning and relations of events or objects, and to discover the clews to difficult problems. Whatever is known or guessed in this line of study is sure to fall under his eye and to be put to its use. He has given special study to the language written in the cuneiform characters, and knows their literature with great thoroughness. His fault is that of an easy acceptance of a seductive explanation, and the assumption that there is no doubt about it. On the other hand, his candor is so great that he will give up one of his own erroneous conclusions as speedily as he would reject that of any other man; and the fulness and generosity with which he recognizes the slightest suggestion, or even partial confirmation, he gathers from any one else, are worthy of all praise. He is a Roman Catholic in faith, and makes no secret of his belief in the revelations of the Old and New Testaments, which he delights to illustrate by a prodigious wealth of learning. At the same time he believes that what is called the 'higher criticism' must be applied to the Bible and its authors and editors, and its mistakes and its myths carefully searched out and investigated.

HAD THE MEETING in aid of Hampton Institute, which was held in the Broadway Tabernacle on the evening of the 23d ult., been held in the neighboring city of Boston, the gathering would have been considerably larger. New York is too busy, too much wrapped up in the pursuit of the mighty but evasive dollar, to be able to pay due attention to philanthropical schemes, even when the promised results are of the most utilitarian character. The attendance was fair, however, and money enough was subscribed to pay for the tuition of a dozen or more of Negroes and Indians. But the audience would have been larger, and the subscriptions would have been heavier, if the necessities of the Institute and the practical bearings of its work on the solution of the two race-questions which have confronted the American people for so many years, and will continue to confront them for so many more, had been set forth by an orator of acknowledged force. The endorsement of the Normal and Agricultural School, and of the man to whose unflagging zeal and tireless activity it owes its existence and success, could hardly have been more generous and emphatic; but the heart and the pocket of the New Yorker would have been more deeply touched if the reverend speakers had brought, not more earnestness, but greater eloquence, to their task.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, the most active corporation connected with art among us, have seized the first occasion that offered, to protest against the exaction of duties on works of art imported into this country. The occasion is that of the exhibition at Knoedler's, in this city, of some portraits by Hubert Herkomer, on which the artist has had to pay duty though the pictures are not for sale. The Society's resolution embodies the ideas expressed in an artists' petition on this subject, which appeared in the first number of THE CRITIC (Jan 15, 1881). This petition has been signed by many painters of note, and is still in circulation.

ONE of the most famous of the older generation of American journalists has passed away in the person of Thurlow Weed, who died, last week, at the age of eighty-five.

### Desecration.

THE poet died last night;  
Outworn his mortal frame:  
He hath fought well the fight  
And won a deathless name.

Bring laurel for his bier  
And flowers to deck the hearse;  
The tribute of a tear  
To his immortal verse.

Hushed is that piercing strain  
Who heard, for pleasure wept.  
His were our joy and pain:  
He sang—our sorrow slept.

Yes—weep for him; no more  
Shall such high songs have birth:  
Gone is the harp he bore  
Forever from the earth.

Weep, weep, and scatter flowers  
Above his precious dust:  
Child of the heavenly powers—  
Divine, and pure, and just.

Ay, weep—for when to-night  
Shall hoot the horned owl—  
Beneath the pale moon's light  
The human ghouls will prowl.

What creatures those shall throng  
Within the sacred gloom,  
To do our poet wrong—  
To break the sealed tomb?

His trusted friend and near,  
Toward whom his spirit moved;  
The brother he held dear;  
The woman that he loved!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

### "Philip my King."\*

(To Philip Bourke Marston.)

THEY TELL US thou art he, about whose brow,  
In cradle years, a poet twined the lays  
Through which she glorified, in poet's phrase,  
Those splendid eyes, that forced her to avow  
Heart-fealty to thee, her liege, and bow  
Before thy regal looks, with regal praise  
Of more enduring freshness than the bays  
Which blatant crowds bind for their heroes now.

Had she prevision that above those eyes  
God meant to press His hand, the better so  
To cage the lark-like spirit, lest it soar  
So deep into the blue inviolate skies  
That earthly listeners, standing far below,  
Should fail to catch the ethereal music more?

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

### American Publishers and English Authors.

FOR THE EDIFICATION of those who are in the habit of denouncing the American publisher as a pirate, we have been at pains to gather some facts tending to show that if he is a pirate, piratical methods have been somewhat modified since the days of Captain Kidd. The popular conception of the American publisher—the popular British conception, we should say—is that of a secret, dark and midnight individual, who waylays British merchantmen, rifles their holds of any new book that happens to form a part of the cargo, smuggles his treasure into a subterranean New York printing-office, and turns out an American edition of it in half an hour. Now, there are some publishers in this country whose methods are fairly illustrated in this sketch; but are there none of the same character on the opposite side of the ocean? No doubt of it; and certain American authors might be named who have suffered as much from the practices of the British pirate as any

\* It is said that Mrs. Muloch-Craig addressed her fine lyric, 'Philip my King,' to this (now blind) young English poet, in his infancy.

Englishman has suffered from those of the American buccaneer. *The Athenæum*, as noted a fortnight since, exonerates the American publisher from the charge of defeating his own efforts in favor of an international copyright, and attributes the failure of the movement to the machinations of The Typographical Union! But, as we have said, the popular belief is much less favorable to the American publishers as a class. Let us see how the matter really stands.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

YOURS OF YESTERDAY is at hand. We are not prepared to furnish you the desired statistics for publication this week, as we have made no estimate of the amounts paid by us to English authors. Probably, however, the enclosed letter from Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. may fitly have a place in your "refutation," as it exposes the gratuitous character of the charge recently made against us in *The Athenæum* by Mr. H. N. Pym in relation to the edition of "The Journals of Caroline Fox" published in Harper's Franklin Square Library. And the enclosed note from Mr. Sampson Low to *The Athenæum* answers fully Mr. W. Clark Russell's imputation that we have published his books without payment. *Ex uno (duobus) disce omnes.*

NEW YORK, NOV. 29, 1882.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 28, 1882.

#### MESSRS. HARPER & BROS.:

GENTLEMEN: In regard to your edition of the 'Memories of Old Friends,' published in the Franklin Square Library, we have to say that its issue was explicitly authorized by us. We had understood that the Seaside Library had in contemplation a cheap reprint, and as we recognized that two cheap reprints could not do our edition any more damage than one, and that your edition therefore could only interfere with the sales of the unauthorized Seaside Library, we acceded to your proposition that you should bring the book out and pay us a small royalty on sales.

We cheerfully add to the above the further statement that the Franklin Square Library has never in any case interfered with our authorized editions of English books.

Yours very truly,

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET, October 31, 1882.

As Mr. W. Clark Russell's letter in the last number of *The Athenæum* does injustice to the firm of Harper & Brothers, of New York, by conveying the impression that it has printed unauthorized editions of his stories and without pecuniary acknowledgment, I beg leave to state:

(1) That the stories referred to were published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers from early sheets, and by arrangement with Mr. Russell's London publishers, who had purchased all rights from the author.

(2) That no story of this popular author has been published by Harper & Brothers without payment therefor of an honorarium. It is the invariable custom of Messrs. Harper & Brothers to pay for early sheets of English works published by them.

(3) That Messrs. Harper & Brothers have paid for Mr. Russell's stories thus far secured from his London publishers between two and three hundred pounds, a fact of which Mr. Russell was probably unaware when he wrote to *The Athenæum*.

(4) Mr. Russell is perhaps not informed that the editions to which he refers are of the cheapest character—viz., 7½d.—and are sold in competition with unauthorized editions.

SAMPSON LOW.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

OUR REPRINTS of English books in recent years have been almost wholly of scientific and historic works, and for these we in almost all instances pay the authors a royalty of ten per cent. on the retail price—the same that is usually paid to native authors. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Lubbock, Bastian, Carpenter, Bagehot, Bain, Tylor, Lyell, Maudsley, Jevons, Roscoe, and Miss Buckley are among those regularly paid in this way. We pay the same royalty to all the authors of the volumes in the International Scientific Series, with the exception of those works by Continental writers which have to be translated. In these cases the copyright is a little less. We also pay a royalty on all the volumes of the Science, Literary, and Historic Primers. We pay Lecky and Robertson Smith the same royalty that we pay to American authors. We paid on Beaconsfield's 'Endymion' the customary ten per cent, but this went to the English publishers, who had purchased the work in full. We paid Rhoda Broughton, until her last novel, \$1000 for each book, but the opposition editions now make it impossible to pay so much. 'Vice-Versâ' was not printed from advance sheets, and there are three opposition editions; but we sent the author, notwithstanding, an honorarium.

NEW YORK, NOV. 28, 1882.

D. APPLETON & CO.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

WE PUBLISH no English material for which we have not made payment, and the amounts so paid are not dictated by ourselves, but are those proposed by the English authors, or by the English publishers who, by arrangement with such authors, have the right to speak for them. It is our belief, from our knowledge of the methods of our fellow-publishers, that all the houses in good standing in the Ameri-

can publishing fraternity are now following the same practice as ourselves, and that each house makes a point of respecting the foreign purchases and arrangements of the others. We also know from personal knowledge that among houses of similar standing in Great Britain, such practice is by no means so uniform—that American material is much more frequently 'appropriated' without any recognition whatever, and that there is much less readiness on the part of one house to respect the American arrangements and purchases by another.

We find that we have now upon our list nearly 200 works which we issue in this country by arrangement with, or purchase from, British houses. O'Donovan's 'Merv Oasis,' which we have just published, was offered simultaneously to several American houses, and was finally placed in our hands because our offer was the most favorable.

NEW YORK, NOV. 28, 1882.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

WE HAVE your favor of the 27th, in answer to which we have to say that it is, and has been, our uniform custom to pay to foreign authors an equitable share in the profits realized from the sales of our editions of their books. You are, of course, aware that the cheap reprints of such books now flooding the market so cut into the sales of the authorized editions that the profits are often, indeed usually, very small. Nevertheless, we always pay the author something. Not infrequently we have paid for the advance sheets of books that have proved a loss to ourselves.

Before the advent of the Seaside, and kindred 'Libraries,' when what are known as the 'trade courtesy rules' (still in force with all reputable publishers, but ignored by the 'pirates') gave the authorized American publisher some protection in his ventures, we were enabled to pay large sums for the advance sheets of foreign books. For instance, we paid Ouida £300 for each of her novels, and we have paid as much for some of Geo. MacDonald's books, and of Bulwer's.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 28, 1882.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

YOUR favor of Nov. 27th has only just reached us this afternoon, so that we have not sufficient time to make such a statement as you desire, concerning sums paid to foreign authors.

The firms of which we are the successors paid very considerable amounts to English authors; but since the present firm was organized, the inducement to buy foreign productions has been reduced to a minimum by the Seaside and other Libraries, which reprint immediately any book worth paying for.

BOSTON, NOV. 28, 1882.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons—whose list is made up largely of important English works—assure us that it has always been their custom to pay trans-Atlantic authors—or publishers, as the case may be—for books which they republish here. In some instances, a percentage has been paid; in others, payment has been made in the form of 'cash down.' They have put thousands of dollars into English pockets.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. declare that they have always paid English authors whose works have reached a profitable sale in their hands. They paid Mrs. Charles, the author of 'The Schonberg-Cotta Family,' large sums—thousands of dollars—for her earlier works, and have continued to pay her for her later and less popular writings. They have also paid Hesba Stretton and Edward Garrett, regularly, through a period of years, and in several cases where their own profit was seriously curtailed by opposition reprints.

Messrs. John Wiley's Sons say that they offered Mr. Ruskin \$5000 for the privilege of publishing an authorized American edition of his works, but that their offer was declined on the ground that he did not wish any but his own editions to be in circulation. The latest addition to their series of Ruskins' writings is the volume of early poems noticed in the last number of THE CRITIC. This, by the way, lacks 22 of the 51 poems in the original, but the difference in price is about \$198!

#### Acknowledgments.

MR. BLACKMORE'S delightful 'Lorna Doone' has been added to Harper's two-column Franklin Square Library. In England it has been honored with an *édition de luxe*.

WE ARE NOT of those who sneer at 'birthday-books.' On the contrary, we think them a useful 'institution,'—it is so hard to remember the birthdays of all one's friends, yet often so necessary to remember some of them. The latest authors who have been broken on



the wheel of the compiler are Chas. Dickens (Whittaker), Jean Ingelow (Roberts: \$1), and E. P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.). We are surprised to see how badly Dickens cuts up into available paragraphs (or is it that his 'eldest daughter' has not made a wise choice?). Neither can we say that the text of Miss Ingelow seems particularly suited to this purpose, but it is better in this respect than some that we have seen, and the book is the prettiest. Mr. E. P. Roe, on the other hand, who has been dissected by Dr. Lyman Abbott, bears the ordeal bravely. In everything he has written there seems to be a special fitness for a birthday-book, and there is not a month that he has neglected to describe.

DODD, MEAD & CO. have completed their reprint of Canon Rawlinson's 'Ancient Monarchies.' It is in seven imposing volumes, fully illustrated with maps and reproductions of ancient works of art.

THE 'SALMAGUNDI' 'sees' the other birthday-books, and 'goes them one better.' In the first place, it is double the size of the others; and, in the second place, it draws upon 180 poets and prose-writers, from Æschylus to N. P. Willis; so there is no excuse for inappropriate extracts. The selections, numbering 730 in all, are very good, and have evidently been chosen with considerable care by the Editors—Alice Wood, Rose Perkins, and A. J. G. Perkins. The Rev. Robert Collyer writes a genial introduction; and the book is illustrated with drawings by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Thomas Moran, Homer Martin, Abbott H. Thayer, and others, which originally appeared in *The Century*. It is a handsome volume, and will no doubt bear the record of many memorable birthdays. (S. W. Green's Sons: \$4.)

MACMILLAN & CO. have added Annie Keary's 'A Doubting Heart' to their admirable Dollar Series of novels; and, to their *Nature* Series, the memorials of Charles Darwin that were printed originally in *Nature*. The latter volume gives, in small space, just the information that most people are desirous of getting about Mr. Darwin, and from the highest authorities.

A VERY satisfactory edition of Knight's Shakespeare is issued by Geo. Routledge & Sons, in three handy volumes, at \$3.75 a set.

MR. WILLIAM SWINTON'S 'Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac,' which has been out of print for a number of years, has been re-issued, with certain revisions, by Charles Scribner's Sons. The demand for this book has been very large, and the orders that awaited its publication were counted by thousands. The story of the Grand Army is graphically told, and in comparatively small compass. At the time of its publication, the book was one of the first in the field. In its present form, it is much less expensive than formerly, though quite as handsome.

PRESIDENT GILMAN, in his Seventh Annual Report to the Trustees of the Johns Hopkins University, makes a showing which would be creditable to the oldest educational institutions in the land. The Report covers the academic year ending September 1st, 1882, but the Appendix contains some statements of a more recent date, the pamphlet having been issued on the 11th ult.

#### American Material for Poetry.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I SEE THAT the Springfield *Republican* gives Miss Thomas a rap over the knuckles for writing of the fairies in a recent number of THE CRITIC. The provocation seems hardly commensurate with the wrath it has stirred up. If one chooses, for variety's sake (*Jocosa Lyra*), occasionally to 'wear the fetters of these antique prettinesses' (the *Republican's* words), why should not he or she be allowed to do so in peace? This critic calls out, with a quite English urgency, for the 'native American spirits' and 'American nature'; as though America were a disconnected planet, producing an unknown species of life. One cannot help noting how little has been done, *successfully*, in poetry, for the 'American spirits'—who, I suppose, are the North American Indians, and the manes of the Revolutionary Fathers. Of course, Mr. Longfellow's poem of 'Hiawatha' is to be excepted, though that is not without its 'prettinesses.' What is the reason of this backwardness in broaching the recommended American themes? It strikes me that, in a measure, they are alien to our understanding and feeling. After crowding the Indian to the wall, how, consistently, can we indulge in poetry about him? And, perhaps, American material has not yet ripened and mellowed enough for ideal uses. With all reverence to what is admirable in Mr. Whitman's methods, it would be confusion worse confounded if all who enter themselves in the lists of song should, with one accord, break out into 'barbaric yawp.' The Americanism of it would be an offence to the heaven of criticism.

BOSTON, Nov. 16, 1882.

W. H. T.

#### "A Treasure for all Time."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

MR. BARTLETT, in his admirable book of quotations, does not mention the fact that Thucydides, and not Ben Jonson, was the first to speak of a work as being for all time. I would like your opinion

with regard to the quotation. The passage in Thucydides will be found in Book I., Chap., xxii., Line 16, in Dr. Bloomfield's edition of 1842—*Ktema te es aei* ('a work for all time'). Thucydides is so little read nowadays that even Mr. Bartlett may not have known that he deserves the credit for at least suggesting the thought to Jonson.

FARMINGTON, MAINE, Nov. 22, 1882.

HENRY P. WHITE.

[The famous expression of Thucydides—*κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα*—was undoubtedly in Ben Jonson's mind when he spoke of Shakspeare as a man 'not of an age, but for all time,' though he may have derived it at second-hand. The whole passage in Thucydides is this: *κτῆμά τε ἐς αἰῶνα μᾶλλον ἢ ἀγώνισμα ἐς τὸ παραχρήμα ἀκούειν εὐγκεῖται* ('And it is composed for the public hearing as a treasure for all time, rather than as a prize essay for the moment'). The word *κτῆμα* is used constantly in the plural by Homer for jewels and costly articles stored up as family property, as opposed to *χρήματα*. Only once (Od. xv., 19) does Homer use it in the singular. In the time of Thucydides the use of the singular was common. It means more than a mere possession. It is a *valuable* possession. The use of the phrase by Thucydides (so prophetic) shows his intention to compose in his history a work of the highest art.]

#### Mr. Black's American Collaborator.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Can you inform me through your columns if it is known who the 'American author' is, in collaboration with whom William Black wrote 'Green Pastures' and 'Picadilly'?

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15, 1885.

C. F. SAUNDERS.

[We have applied to the only persons who could answer the above question, and their reply is, 'We have not the author's permission to divulge his (or her) name.']

#### LITERARY NOTES.

LORD LYTTON, writing to Mr. William H. Rideing, gives some interesting details concerning the forthcoming biography of his father. 'I may as well explain,' he says, 'that the forthcoming work on which I am now engaged is not a memoir, but a full and complete record of my father's life and work, written from the numerous documents bequeathed to me as biographical material for the completion of it. This book will contain an autobiography, written by himself, of his life up to the age of 22. It will also contain several original compositions by him, never before published, with copious selections from his private correspondence, note-books, and journals, and sundry illustrations. For this reason, the work will be voluminous; for it will contain all the biographical material from which shorter biographies may perhaps be written hereafter, but for lack of which all existing biographical memoirs of my father are totally inadequate. I expect to have the three first volumes ready for the press early next spring, and propose to publish them separately. The rest of the work will follow later, under the title of Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, by his son, the Earl of Lytton. With illustrations.'

'The Horns of a Dilemma' is the suggestive title of a new novel, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Prof. Boyesen has given us nothing in the form of prose fiction lately, and the admirers of his tales and longer stories will be glad to find that he has not been idle as well as silent. The new story is a study of the widely ramified effects of a generous deception upon character and social relations, and the scene is laid in New England. It will appear as a short serial in *Our Continent*.

The Census Office reports that of the 36,761,607 persons in this country not less than ten years of age, 4,923,451 are unable to read, and 6,239,958 unable to write. Of the 36,761,607 persons enumerated, 32,160,400 are white, and 4,601,207 colored. Of the whites, 3,019,080 are unable to write, and of the blacks, 3,220,878.

The real name of the author of 'Vice-Versâ' is now given as Guthrie, F. Anstey being a *nom-de-plume*.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is reported as having been somewhat improved in health by his voyage to England.

On December 4th and succeeding days, Messrs. Bangs & Co. will sell the library of Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, which is particularly rich in early New York history. A number of rare Indian books are in the collection.

Mr. Henry Grey, known in England as the Editor of a series of Classics for the Million, has published through Griffith & Farran a 'Key to All the Waverley Novels, in Chronological Sequence.' A table is given of the leading characters in each story, and the plot is set forth as briefly and as clearly as possible. As these thirty-two novels fill ten thousand closely-printed pages, it is unnecessary to insist on the usefulness of such a pamphlet.

'Holly-Berries,' the child's book published by E. P. Dutton & Co. last season, reached a sale by them of 30,000 copies, and has been translated into French, German, Dutch, and Spanish—an unusual compliment to an American 'juvenile'.

The frontispiece of the February *Century* will be a portrait of Mr. George William Curtis. The accompanying biographical sketch is to be by Mr. S. S. Conant, who has for many years been intimately associated with Mr. Curtis on *Harper's Weekly*.

'Marriage in Cana of Galilee,' by Rev. Hugh Macmillan, is announced by Macmillan & Co. Mr. Crawford's novel, 'Mr. Isaacs,' will be published by this firm, both here and in London, on the 5th inst.

Mr. Alcott's 'Estimate,' in prose and verse, of the late Mr. Emerson has just appeared. The little book is fittingly illustrated. The same publishers, A. Williams & Co., have just issued an edition of the 'Poems and Sonnets of Owen Innes,' with covers which can be 'decorated or painted upon.' They are doubtless right in their belief that this is an idea which 'will be appreciated by most young ladies.'

The seventy-eighth anniversary of the foundation of the New York Historical Society was celebrated on Tuesday evening, the 21st ult. Hamilton Fish presided, and an address was delivered, by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, on 'Historical Writing as a Fine Art.' The writing of history, Dr. Crosby maintained, is as much an art as painting or sculpture, and in the practice of this art no later writers have approached the Greeks. The works of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon stand unrivalled to this day. Of English historians, Carlyle in his 'French Revolution,' Macaulay in his pictures of England under the last of the Stuarts, and Gibbon in his 'Roman Empire,' have alone attained to anything that deserves comparison with the masterpieces of the Hellenic chroniclers, yet even their best work suffers by the comparison. In America, Prescott and Motley have won enduring reputation, but American historical art, as, indeed, American literary art in general, is still experimental. The hope is great, the realization small as yet.

Théophile Gautier seems to have won prompter recognition in America than in the English-speaking land which lies so much nearer his native shores. His 'Winter in Russia' and 'Captain Fracasse,' translated by Miss M. M. Ripley, and 'Constantinople,' translated by Robert Howe Gould, have been published here by Holt; and 'Captain Fracasse' has appeared also in Putnam's list; the Lippincotts have published a translation, by Augusta McC. Wright, of 'The Romance of a Mummy,' and Lafcadio Hearn's rendering of 'One of Cleopatra's Nights' has been issued by Worthington; the Appletons have given us 'Sprite,' and Messrs. Roberts are now advertising a translation, by Susan Coolidge, of 'My Household of Pets.' If we are not much mistaken, English translators and publishers have handled M. Gautier much less frequently. Perhaps, however, the Villon Society, when it has finished its new and naked rendering of 'The Arabian Nights,' may be tempted to offer us a translation of 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.'

Geo. A. Leavitt & Co. will sell, on Dec. 6th, 7th, and 8th, a collection of art-books and standard works of literature, embracing some fine editions of books that do not often find their way to the auction-room. They have in preparation a catalogue of the books, manuscripts, engravings, and etchings of the late Simeon H. Remsen and Wm. H. Post.

We understand that a new weekly paper is projected in this city. It is to treat of art, literature, and general gossip. Timely illustrations, made by the photo-engraving process, will be a feature of the new journal.

Messrs. Roberts Bros. make the interesting announcement of a volume, to be called 'Figures of the Past,' made up from the journals of the late Josiah Quincy, of Boston.

We are pleased to hear that the young English poet, Rennell Rodd, has turned his back upon the æsthetes. The æsthetic get-up of his poems in this country, and the introduction by Mr. Wilde, had the natural effect of an overdose. Mr. Rodd is going to publish another volume—not printed on apple-green paper with fluttering tissue between the leaves.

'Heroes and Holidays,' a book which rejoices in the sub-title of 'Talks and Stories about Heroes and Holidays; or, Ten-Minute Sermons to Boys and Girls, on the Holidays, and on the International Sunday-school Lessons of 1883,' is in the press of Funk & Wagnalls, and will be out in a week or ten days. The 'sermons' are supplied by many ministers, and the book is illustrated with 40 cuts.

The *Bibliographer*, continuing its list of old 'London Signs of Booksellers and Printers,' notes in its November number 3 Golden Cups, 3 Golden Keys, 4 Golden Lions, 3 Green Dragons, 3 Greyhounds, 6 Guns, 3 Half-Eagles and Keys, 4 Harrows, 4 Lambs, 3 Holy Lambs, 3 Horseshoes, 6 King's Arms, and 4 King's heads; with others more curious, but of less frequent occurrence, such as The Hedge Hog, The Holy Ghost, The Leg and Star, The Lamb and Ink Bottle, The Looking-Glass and The Lucrece.—In *The Antiquary* for November, the Rev. M. G. Watkins writes interestingly of Richard de Bury's 'Philobiblion.' Richard Aungerville, of Bury, was born 595 years

ago, and Mr. Watkins speaks of him as having been 'among the first,' if not himself 'the very first,' of that amiable race, the 'bookmaniacs.' De Bury was a great man in his day,—Bishop of Durham, and Lord Chancellor—but his curious little book is now known only to 'professed bibliophiles.'

Apropos of the recent bi-centennial celebration of the founding of the Quaker City, the November *Reference List* of the Providence Library is devoted to Philadelphia and its founder.

Mr. George Falkner, the head of a well-known firm of art-printers, at Manchester, England, has written an account of 'A Pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Loreto'—the famous spot, on the summit of a mountain near Ancona, Italy, whither the house in which the Virgin Mary dwelt at Nazareth is supposed to have been transported by angels, long ago. Only 400 copies of the book have been printed, and these are to be sold by subscription, through Elliot Stock, of London.

#### FRENCH NOTES.

M. AUGUSTE VITU, the Dramatic Critic of the *Figaro*, publishes an interesting theatrical study, 'La Maison Mortuaire de Molière' (Paris: Lemerre). He gives a complete history of the houses in the neighborhood of the Rue Richelieu and the Palais Royal which were in any way connected with the career of the great playwright.—Another theatrical work is 'Les Premières Illustrées,' by Raoul Toché (Paris: Monnier), in which the author describes the audiences who greeted the successes of the past year or two, such as 'Odette,' 'Serge Panine,' 'Les Rantau,' 'Madame le Diable,' 'Le Jour et la Nuit,' and many others. He also gives the gossip that attended their production. M. Henri Meilhac furnishes a rhymed preface.—M. Armand Baschet has a study of 'Les Comédiens Italiens de la Cour de France' (Plon), which deals with the times of Charles IX., Henri III., Henri IV., and Louis XIII., and describes the negotiations which led to the appearance in France of the famous companies of Arlequin, Fridolin, Florinde, and Isabelle.

Among the historical memoirs are 'Les Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet,' by M. Loredan Larchey (Hachette). The captain was a hero of the Napoleonic wars. He fought in Italy, Austria, Spain, Russia, and Germany, and his notes throw light on memorable campaigns.—M. Lallemand publishes a 'Notice Historique sur l'Ecole Massillon' (Sauton). The school is an architectural curiosity, situated at the corner of the Quai des Célestins, and was once the Hôtel Fleuriot, a fashionable rendezvous, built by Mansard. M. Auguste Maquet has produced a sketch of old Paris, under the title 'Paris sous Louis XV.' (Laplace & Sanchez).—Lady Anne Blunt, Lord Byron's granddaughter, and wife of the irrepressible Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, has been paid the compliment of a French translation, her last book appearing at Hachette's as 'Le Voyage en Arabie.'—'Les Curiosités de la Science,' by L. de Beaumont, has been collected from the *Figaro*, with a preface by Camille Flammarion (Clavel).

In *Le Livre* for November 10th are printed three hitherto unpublished letters from Voltaire to the literary forger, Neaulme, apropos of the compendium of Voltaire's Universal History. There is, also, a list of Voltaire's innumerable pseudonyms, an interesting article, with illustrations, on the painting of book-bindings; and a chapter on Benvenuto Cellini's 'Vita' and 'Trattati,' from a forthcoming work on the illustrious goldsmith, by Eugène Plon. The chief etching in this number is a sketch of 'Tom Jones surprenant Square chez Moly.'

#### GERMAN NOTES.

AMONG German encyclopædias, the first place is held by 'Brockhaus's Conversations Lexicon,' of which the first edition appeared more than 100 years ago, and of which a thirteenth is now under way. The new edition will consist of sixteen stout volumes, two of which have already been issued. Of great interest are the biographical notices of distinguished men of our times, which have evidently been compiled from the best sources. The article on Architecture presents, within a comparatively small space, a complete resumé of the history and principles of the art. The volumes are profusely illustrated with woodcuts, and contain, moreover, fourteen excellent geographical maps.—The literature relating to Goethe's 'Faust' affords as inexhaustible a field of inquiry and speculation to the German student, as that relating to Shakespeare does to the English, and that of Dante to the Italian scholar. Düntzer's exhaustive Commentary would seem to leave little to be said on the subject; yet three interesting contributions to Faustiana have been published within the last few months; one by Oswald Marbach (Stuttgart: Göschen), one by Hermann Schreyer (Halle: Waisenhaus), and one by K. J. Schröer (Heilbronn: Henninger). They contain much that will interest the student of German literature.—The November number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* contains a novelette by Puttitz the continuation of Haeckel's letters of travel in India; an interesting historical and geographical sketch of the island of Elba; an account of the 52d meeting of



the British Association for the Advancement of Science, by Prof. du Bois-Reymond, of the University of Berlin; and an anonymous article on Individualism in the United States.—*Nord und Süd*, of the same date, begins with a short story, 'Faima Hanum,' by Marie von Redwitz, followed by an essay on the Italian Renaissance, by Hübner; an interesting sketch of Brandenburg History, 'Ein märkischer Junker,' by Koberstein; and entertaining reminiscences of Rachel, by the Editor.

#### ITALIAN NOTES.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER of the *Nuova Antologia*, the Roman fortnightly review, contains a very timely article on 'L'Istruzione Pubblica in Italia,' by E. Wiedemann, of the Leipzig University; and the conclusion of Signor Maldini's criticism of the bombardment of Alexandria. In its political columns it comments on the death of the Bey of Tunis, on the socialist struggle in France, and on the result of the Italian elections. The review has the assistance of Minghetti among statesmen, of Farina among novelists, of De Amicis among journalists, of Carducci among professors, and of Camillo Boito among critics. It stands easily first of its class in Italy.

### Science

#### The Late Prof. Henry Draper.

ON THE NIGHT of the 15th of November, a party of some fifty gentlemen were seated round the dinner tables of an elegant home in Madison Avenue; most of these gentlemen were members of the National Academy of Sciences, and all were men eminent in their respective walks of life. Eminent even among them, and at the same time one of the youngest of them all, was the host—Prof. Henry Draper. None appeared to be heartier or healthier than he; but with the lengthening hours, those nearest him noticed an occasional look of distress in his face; and scarcely had the last guests departed, when intense pains in the side warned him and his wife that a physician's attention might be necessary. Early the next Monday, the sufferer had breathed his last.

Prof. Draper's life commenced on the 7th of May, 1837, in Prince Edward's County, Virginia. An illustrious father—John William Draper—conferred on him as an inheritance, and educated, a mind ready to learn, quick to weigh all that it learned, and finally able to foresee the consequences which would flow from marshalled facts—a mind prepared for scientific investigation. How well that mind was employed, the annals of science tell. With manhood's age, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine (1858), and two years later, his *Alma Mater*—the University of the City of New York—testified to her sense of his attainments by calling him to the Professorship of Physiology. It only shows how varied were his talents, that this young man, though competent to teach men of whom many were older than himself in one department of science, yet selected others for extended researches and special investigation. Chemistry and astronomy were alike subjects for study, and his skill in abstract science was combined with rare dexterity of manipulation and fertility of resources. These multiplied qualifications were early applied to researches upon the spleen, and, later and more especially, to celestial photography. Mainly with his own hands, he constructed an immense equatorial telescope with an aperture of 28 inches, by means of which he was able to obtain the magnificent photographs of the moon which are familiar to astronomers. But more noteworthy and important still were his researches on the spectra of the stars, which culminated in the discovery of oxygen in the sun, in 1877. Still later he extended his attention to electrical investigation, and new discoveries rewarded him in this field. At the last banquet at which he presided, the rooms were brilliantly illuminated by electricity, so regulated by a device of his own invention that the light was peculiarly constant and agreeable. For his studies he had all the advantages which large wealth and the sympathetic and active co-operation of a talented and devoted wife could confer. Honors had been heaped upon him. He died early, but he had discounted the obligation his genius entailed upon him to mankind.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

IT IS HARD to avoid the appearance of exaggeration in writing of one like Dr. Henry Draper, and of the loss which science and the world have come to in his death. He was a man so noble and generous; of such force of character, learning, and skill in all high arts; so equipped by nature and by circumstance with every power effective in the movement of the world, that it seems as if he was the one above all others who could not now be spared. Certainly no heavier blow has ever fallen upon American science. She mourned sincerely for Henry, and Agassiz, and Peirce, and many other unforgotten names; but they had finished their work, and had reached the natural end of long and honored lives. Our friend was taken in his prime;

not indeed until he had done enough to secure by completed achievement a place among the most eminent, but yet so early that there was every reason to expect that the coming years would be richer in fruit than any of the past. The long experience of previous research, the defeat of difficulties, and the enthusiasm of success, had made him ready for swift advances, and his apparatus and laboratory were preparing for new campaigns. He ranked fairly with the elder Herschel, Rosse, and Lassell, in his mechanical genius and power of construction and observation. He was a pioneer in astronomical and spectroscopic photography, and at the time of his death was the unrivalled master of the art—as witness his recent photographs of the nebula of Orion. His discovery of oxygen in the solar atmosphere gives him place among the most unselfish, persistent, careful, and acute of investigators.

Will any rise to take his place? Is there no one among our young men of wealth, culture, and genius, who will devote himself to science, and in time (it cannot be quickly done) make partly good our loss?

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 24, '82.

C. A. YOUNG.

#### The National Academy of Sciences.

THE National Academy of Sciences held its fall session at Columbia College, New York, from Tuesday, Nov. 14th, to Friday, Nov. 17th. Between 30 and 40 members attended, and 21 presented 34 communications, while two other papers were read, by invitation, by Mr. G. F. Becker, of the U. S. Geological Survey. The 36 articles covered a variety of subjects in scientific research, as will be evident from the list given, *vis*:

Mean Annual Rain-fall, Elias Loomis; on White Phosphorus, Ira Remsen; on the General Equations of Optics, as derived from the Electro-magnetic Theory of Light, J. W. Gibbs; on an Improved Form of Standard Daniell Cell, Geo. F. Barker; on Complex Inorganic Acids, Wolcott Gibbs; on a Modified Form of Solar Eye-piece for use with Large Apertures, Chas. A. Young; on Triassic (?) Insects from the Rocky Mountains, S. H. Scudder; (1) Explanations on presenting a Copy of the first ten Numbers of the Author's Celestial Charts, (2) Lists of Errors in Star Catalogues, (3) Remarks on the Structure of the present Comet, C. H. F. Peters; on a Method of Studying the Laws of Contrast Quantitatively, O. N. Rood; (1) on the Heat of the Comstock Lode, (2) Topographical Effects of Faults and Landslides, G. F. Becker; Preparation of Cyanin from Chinoline, C. F. Chandler; on the place of the Echinodidae in the System, Theo. Gill; on the Existence in both Hemispheres of a Terrestrial Dry Zone and its Cause, A. Guyot; on So-called Eruptive Serpentine, T. Sierry Hunt; (1) on a Spherometer for Measuring the Radii of Curvature of Lenses of any Diameter, (2) on a Graphical Method of representing the Errors of a Screw, (3) on a Simple Experimental Demonstration of Ohm's Law, Alfred M. Mayer; (1) on the Fauna of the Puerco Eocene, (2) on the Permian Genus *Diplocaulis*, E. D. Cope; on the Physical Conditions under which Coal was formed, J. S. Newberry; (1) Effect of Magnetism on Chemical Action, (2) on Sinapic Acid, Ira Remsen; on the Total Solar Eclipse of May, 6th, 1883, Charles A. Young; Physical and Geological Character of the Sea-bottom off our Coast, especially beneath the Gulf Stream, A. E. Verrill; on the Origin of the Carbonaceous Matter of Bituminous Shales, J. S. Newberry; (1) Co-operation in Observing Variable Stars, (2) The Meridian Photometer, E. C. Pickering; on a Form of Kathetometer and Comparator, A. W. Wright; on the Microscopic Structure of some of the Brachiopoda with reference to their Generic Relations, James Hall; (1) on the Logic of Relatives, (2) on the Determination of the figure of the Earth by Variations of Gravity, C. S. Peirce; on the Supposed Human Footprints recently found in Nevada, O. C. Marsh; on Ptolemy's Catalogue of Stars, C. S. Peirce.

#### Scientific Notes.

DEATH has been very active, and has almost decimated the ranks of the National Academy of Sciences during the past year. Prof. John W. Draper, Prof. W. B. Rogers, Admiral John Rodgers, George P. Marsh (U. S. Minister to Italy), Gen. J. G. Barnard, Gen. G. K. Warren, and last, Prof. Henry Draper, have all succumbed within that period. The number of members is now reduced to go.

It is impossible to predict with any certainty as to the chances of observing the transit of Venus successfully in this part of the world. It is probable that some photographs will be taken, as partial cloudiness will not render this impossible. As to observations of the 'contacts,' the prospect is less favorable, the chances of next Wednesday being a perfectly clear day not being more than one in six. The Princeton apparatus will all be in order, unless something unforeseen prevents, the effects of the fire having already been entirely recovered from.

### The Fine Arts

#### The Pictures in "Harper's Christmas."

IT IS ALREADY admitted on all hands that while in Europe wood-engraving is mainly a trade, with us it has come to take a very respectable place as a fine art. Those who dislike to take on trust a popular verdict on such matters, and who have not themselves paid attention to the development of wood-engraving in America, can do no better than to compare the pictures in *Harper's Christmas* with the engrav-

ings on wood in the current volume of *L'Art*, or the illustrations of any of the Doré books that have had such a sale in this country. The French work appears to have been done principally for the purpose of displaying the fine quality of printer's ink that the publishers have used in making the impressions. The American engraver, on the other hand, always enters into the spirit of the drawing given to him, and quite often adds to it in a way that only an artist could. It has been made a reproach to our engravers that in their efforts to work with intelligence, and to give the best possible interpretation of the design intrusted to them, they often produced with great labor effects that are more easily obtained in other of the graphic arts, and neglected those effects of pure line which are peculiar and natural to wood-engraving. There has been some degree of truth in this criticism, but it is now difficult to find an American engraving to which it applies. In Messrs. Harper's Christmas venture there are only three pictures which are not done in the 'legitimate' way—namely, the drawings by Chase, Alden Weir, and Hopkinson Smith, on page 28. These look, at first sight, as if they had been produced by one of the many new processes of photo-actinic engraving, but the evidence that the actual work was done in every part by an artist's hand is too strong to allow of such a supposition, and the slight embossing of the paper, which is one of the peculiarities of good wood-engraving, is easily distinguishable as a texture distinct from that of a print of any other kind. Still, our wood-engravers must be congratulated on having, as a rule, returned to pure line, especially as they now show themselves able to obtain by 'legitimate' means, many varieties of texture, of aerial distance and the like, not formerly attempted. Nothing can be much better in this way than the rendering of snow, sea, and sky, of cloth, fur, and silk, in H. Claudius's engraving of 'A Widow,' on page 5, or the murky sunset, by Fred. Juengling, on page 21. J. G. Smithwick, who may be said to have led the return to the established methods, has still broader and more vigorous work on page 17; and T. Cole's engravings after Vedder and Dielman show how sympathetic an engraving in pure line can be.

The designs in the publication are not throughout as exceptional as the engraving, though all are good and several very fine. The title-page and the large head of 'Sansone' printed as a supplement, both by Vedder, are the best work he has done for reproduction since his return to America. Mr. E. A. Abbey and his adopted master, Mr. Boughton, by a queer coincidence, both contribute fancy portraits of old Petrus Stuyvesant; and Mr. Abbey, perhaps inspired by Mr. Siedman's poem, which he illustrates, does best. Alfred Parson's drawings of withered maple and oak leaves and bitter-sweet berries are as exquisite as Aldrich's little song which they accompany. Swain Gifford, Quartley, and others have done creditable work and, on the whole, this Christmas publication is not likely to be equalled in the present year of grace, either in this country or in Europe.

#### Art Notes.

WE UNDERSTAND that Mr. Haden does not intend to etch the Hudson River, or any part of it. He is of opinion that the subject can be treated with perfect success only in water-colors.

'Japan: Its Architecture, Art, and Art Manufactures,' by Dr. Christ. Dresser, is announced by Scribner & Welford. Dr. Dresser visited Japan with the sole purpose of studying Japanese art. His book will be illustrated with 202 drawings by native artists.

A fire which broke out in the parlors of the Lotos Club, last Saturday morning, destroyed Mr. Chase's fine portrait of Peter Cooper, referred to above in the review of the current volume of *L'Art*. A painting of an Oriental woman, by Carolus Duran, was one of several pictures badly damaged. The fire did not interfere with the regular Saturday night reception and art exhibition.

Mr. Herkomer's pictures, now on exhibition in this city, are conscientious and workmanlike, though somewhat dry and hard, portraits of distinguished Englishmen and others. Mr. Herkomer himself, it may be said, is a young Bavarian, naturalized in England, and who would readily adapt himself to American ways. He is somewhat of an authority on etching, a ready and sensible writer and speaker, and though a German, no lover of the Munich school. Now that he is here, perhaps he had better make up his mind to stay.

The Editor of *The Portfolio* anticipates the surprise of the reader who opens the current number at a frontispiece engraved in a manner so different from that which is popular to-day. It is, he assures us, 'a very good example of classical French line-engraving, according to the taste which prevailed under the First Republic,' and it is newly published, though the plate was executed early in the present century. The subject is Belisarius; the painter was Girard (as spelt on the picture) or Gérard (as spelt by Mr. Hamerton); and the engraver was Simon Rochard, who was born in 1792, just three years before the painting was made. The plate has been bought by *The Portfolio* from the widow of the engraver, who is still living in Belgium. There are other and more interesting illustrations in this number.

The sale of the collection of Mr. Charles H. Truax, at Leavitt's, has brought before the public some peculiar examples of the phase of French art that is now passing away. The collection is particularly rich in landscapes of more than ordinary merit. To say nothing of half-a-dozen specimens of Diaz, and two or three of Corot, there are two examples of Michel, showing effects of storm and sunshine over wide tracts of country; two studies of rocks, by Courbet, rougher even than usual; a curious blue marine, by Jules Dupré, in which the drive of the waves is expressed to admiration; and two small Rousseaus, both remarkable. None of the figure-paintings, though several great names are represented, are equal in importance to the landscapes specified, all of which have, or will have, historical value.

#### The Drama

MR. DALY has replaced 'The Squire' with a German farce by Moser, adapted by himself, and called, 'Our English Friend.' Mr. James Lewis, in a canary wig, a Scotch cap, an eye-glass, and a tweed suit, arrives at an American country-house, where the host and hostess, Mr. John Drew and Miss Virginia Dreher, are preparing to give a hunting-party. Mr. Lewis is an Englishman after the manner of Sir Simon Simple; he is regarded as a fool and a bore; he is moved from room to room, and finally finds quarters in a neighboring farm-house; he is chaffed by Miss Ada Rehan, a slangy young lady; he is snubbed by Miss Fielding, a rustic but musical maiden; he is threatened with instant destruction by Mr. William Gilbert, an irascible German drug-clerk; he is sent repeatedly about his business by Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, an Old Campaigner; and yet, despite all rebuffs, he succeeds in keeping a watch on his hostess, and in preserving her from the designs of Mr. Clement Bainbridge, a stock-broker of amorous proclivities. Having been everybody's butt for four acts, he is at last hailed as the savior of society.

Mr. Daly, we all know, is an excellent adapter. He can localize a foreign comedy more aptly and more surely than anybody in America. His eye for a situation is unerring; his dialogue is brisk; he is never prolix. And doubtless he has his reasons for presenting German farce in preference to the farce of other nations. Herr Moser's method is radically different from that of Labiche. Labiche keeps his personages in a whirl; they come and go in furious haste; they crack a joke and hide in a cupboard; they make an epigram and jump out of window. Consequently they are almost worthless as stage-types. Mr. Box, the printer, is a bit of a character; so is Mr. Cox, the hatter. Monsieur Perrichon almost rises to the level of comedy. But if you attend scores of these pieces, you will, as a rule, remember nothing but the personality of the actors—the rotundity of Geoffroy, the nose of Hyacinthe, the laugh of Brasseur, and the rest. Moser, on the other hand, is slow. He elaborates trifles. He introduces a man with a tight boot, and gives him a scene. He brings on a garrulous woman, and lets her talk herself hoarse. He is, therefore, just the writer for Mr. Daly's actors, who are mostly people of originality. We abhor the practice of exalting the players to the rank of the author. We cannot condemn too strongly the folly of comparing the interpreter with the creator. But at Mr. Daly's Theatre the actors supply the playwright's defects. When he is weak, they are strong. When he leaves a gap, they fill it with their wit, humor, or fancy. They are not parrots, like Mr. Wallack's company; they are not cockneys, like Mr. Wyndham's company. They strike a note of their own, and whatever the play in which they appear may be, all who watch the American stage go to see it.

'Our English Friend,' therefore, is worth seeing for the bustle of the opening scenes, for the skill of the localization, for the cotillion danced by Mrs. Gilbert and the guests of the hunting-party, and for the amusing touches added by the company. Mr. Daly's work is good; Herr Moser's work is very bad. He has left two acts absolutely without an incident, and even the inventive adapter, fearing to dislocate his author's framework, has only been able to enliven them with the cotillion and with a ballad sung by Miss Fielding in the moonlight. To our mind, all German farce is heavy and unwieldy, and bears the same relation to the merry *genre* which France has imposed on the world which an operetta by Suppe bears to an operetta by Offenbach.

'IOLANTHE' gives promise of a prosperous career at the Standard. Everybody is bound to see it once. Every true democrat will have to enjoy his laugh at Mr. Gilbert's House of Peers. Preceded by a military band, illuminated by the electric light, they appear in their robes, coronets, garters, and crosses, and nothing more exquisitely ludicrous than their demeanor has been recently seen on the stage. Mr. Gilbert has laughed æstheticism away, and if his purpose were earnest or his satire deep, he might have killed some of the follies of a Hereditary Legislature. As it is, the noble lords will be always among the delightful figures of stage-burlesque; and Mr. Ryley's caricature of the Lord Chancellor, wooing, sighing, singing, skipping,



jiggling, with the usher holding the tail of his coat and keeping step, is worth a long journey to witness.

Mr. Gilbert's work, however, comes near missing its mark. As a humorist he has no breadth or variety. His success has been mainly due to the success of a literary trick. It is not the trick of inversion; it is not a device of topsy-turvydom. It is the old illusion by which real figures, unseen by the audience, are projected through a glass into an empty room, and are there beheld as films or shadows. Mr. Gilbert takes his people from actual life; his dukes and dragoons, his aesthetes and admirals. With the magic lantern of fancy he strews them upon the stage. We see them through a glass, and they appear to us half real and half unreal, half substantial and half such stuff as dreams are made of. If there is a flaw in the glass, the trick is discovered and the charm is gone. There are very many flaws in the glass of 'Iolanthe.'

It is the first condition of the author's system that his personages shall be candid. They must say, not what in life they would say, but what in life they ought to say. They must all have lodgings in the Palace of Truth. That was formerly understood by them, and nothing could surpass the frankness of Bunthorne, the Ruler of the Queen's Navee, and the Judge in 'Trial by Jury.' They were the most engaging scoundrels, the most open-hearted of Barry Lyndons. If they were frauds, they told you so; if they had risen by marrying a rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter, they made no effort to conceal the fact. But the Lord Chancellor of 'Iolanthe' is a moral old gentleman. He is susceptible, it is true; his wards are agreeable girls and none is over the age of twenty-one; and who shall blame him if, being not so old and not so plain, he is quite prepared to marry again? Apart from the tenderness of his heart, he is irreproachable. He reads little lessons in ethics to the Bar. He delights in exposing the frailties of his profession. Nor is there anything unbecoming in the behavior of the Peers. They are properly dignified. They bid the masses bow. With a due sense of their position they blow the trumpets and cry, 'Tantantara! Tzing! Boom!' Neither the scorn of Phyllis nor the rivalry of Strephon can force them into unseemly conduct. Though their hearts are lacerated, they only reply, 'Tzing! Boom!'

Mr. Gilbert's humor, in fact, has run nearly dry. He was always on the border of Euphuism, the verge of purely fantastic conceits. In 'Iolanthe' he has overstepped the frontier, and has almost ceased to amuse. He lacks the inventive faculty, and having created a being like Strephon, half mortal, half fairy, knows not what to do with him. His love of droll antithesis suggested the idea of contrasting the prose of Parliament with the poesy of fairyland; and having fashioned his statesmen and his fairies, he finds that the contrast is not humorous at all. Moreover, his dialogue, never very brisk, is now growing abstruse; he is in love with his Latinity. But he has made for us much harmless mirth, and for that all playgoers are grateful; he is the only man writing the English language who knows how to construct an operatic libretto; and his Peers, at any rate, will carry his latest production far into the new year.

The music is in Mr. Sullivan's happiest mood. It may perhaps not gain as wide a popularity as 'Patience' and 'Pinafore,' but, while it contains numbers as tuneful and attractive, the scoring and general treatment of the orchestra are superior. For instance, the combination of the brass band on the stage with the regular orchestra, at the first entrance of the Peers, though much of the effect was lost in the small Standard Theatre, is a very cleverly written, brilliantly instrumented *ensemble*, and none the worse for being a very amusing parody of the *finale* of the third act of 'Aida.' The three songs by the Lord Chancellor, 'A rather susceptible Lord Chancellor,' 'Said I to myself, said I,' and the 'Headache' song, are old friends. We have heard them before—sung by Sir Joseph Porter in 'Pinafore,' by Major-General Stanley in 'The Pirates,' and by the Heavy Dragoon in 'Patience.' They are intended to be spoken, rather than sung, to a rattling *prestissimo* orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Ryley's rendering of these numbers was a marvel of rapid, yet perfectly clear, delivery. The *finale* of the first act, a spirited march movement, was very effective, and the general impression of this first half of the new work was decidedly favorable. The second act contains some of the best solo numbers of the opera. Lord Mount Ararat's song, 'When Britain really ruled the Waves,' is a capital imitation of English music of the last century, and the Fairy Queen's aria, 'Oh, foolish Fay,' and Iolanthe's ballad, 'He loves,' are gems of simple melody. A duet between the fairies, Celia and Leila, with a charming *pizzicato* accompaniment, is also very interesting.

WITH THEIR NEW PLAY, 'McSorley's Inflation,' Messrs. Harrigan and Hart have regained lost ground. They have not advanced; they are not further along the road of comic realism; they are content to use the old Mulligan materials in the old Mulligan manner. But it is pleasant to witness the joy with which their audience see the curtain rise on familiar scenes, the intentness with which they follow every local hit, their readiness to understand the slang, their eagerness to applaud the actors.

Peter McSorley, however, is not our old friend, Dan Mulligan. He is a much more elegant person than Dan. He is President of the Knights of the Teapot; he owns a tenement house; and he aspires to be Coroner. Finding that his advancement is barred by his wife, who keeps a stall in Washington Market, he is enraged, and presents her feather-bed, a family relic, to Mr. Rufus Rhubarb, an unscrupulous colored gentleman. In the bed she has hidden the permit of her stall. Mr. McSorley's pursuit of the negro vote and Mrs. McSorley's pursuit of the feather-bed supply the incidents of the play. Mr. McSorley makes frantic bids for support; Coroner McSlab leads the opposition. Mr. Rufus Rhubarb receives bribes from either side, frankly confessing that he has personally no taste for office and cares not who shall sweep the streets, provided he may catch the 'dust.' So they all adjourn to Washington Market, and are received by the Charleston Blues, the Mulligan Guards of other days. There are excellent bits of life in the act. A wagon of *The Evening Telegram* distributes papers among the swarming newsboys. A bob-tail car passes across the stage. A detachment of the Salvation Army arrives with banners, hymn-books, and a big drum. Mr. McSorley is taken in hand by a professional rowdy, Mr. Tom Tough, who cures him of political aspirations. Mrs. McSorley recovers her permit and continues to teach her husband that contentment with a stall in Washington Market is better than a Coroner's office and ambition therewithal.

Mr. Tony Hart is at his very best throughout the play; Mr. Harrigan is quietly forcible, standing safely again on assured ground. There are only two defects that can mar their revived prosperity. One is, that Mr. Braham's music, so good in the previous piece, is here very tame and commonplace. The other is, that the vein of the Mulligan mine is nearly exhausted. 'Our patrons,' says the programme, 'want local comedy.' So they do. But they are a trifle tired of local pantomime. If Mr. Harrigan could find a really comic play, he might write his own dialogue, contrive his own business, and so maintain the fame of his firm. We doubt if he can do it unaided.

'THE RANTZAUS,' at the Union Square, introduces MM. Erckmann-Chatrion to an American audience. Their literary position is peculiar. Though realists, M. Zola and his school disdain them; though played at the Français, superfine Paris, whose favorite poet is Coppée, whose favorite novelist, Arsène Houssaye, turns up her nose at them. Their art is simplicity: their aim is to write the truth without pretensions to analysis. Sitting over their beer they recall their youth in Alsace; they remember a story told to their parents by a trooper of Napoleon; they are reminded of some incident that happened in their village—how the schoolmaster fell in love with the buxom landlady of the inn—how the dandy from town was caught by a white-skinned peasant girl—how Daniel Rock, the farmer, allowed an engine to kill him rather than admit the power of steam. They people their books with the simple folk who live in the Alsatian lowlands—rustics and pedagogues, bailiffs and old soldiers. They represent life as they have seen or heard of it, minutely, exactly, neither trimming nor adorning.

Good plays are not thus made. That which honest writers call the artificiality of the stage is really its essence. In 'The Rantzaus,' there is no artifice. All is real. Jean and Jacques Rantzaus, brothers, hate each other. Louise and Philip, their children, love each other. Set Louise at death's door; show her savagely stern father tamed by her peril; bring the brothers into one another's arms again, and the play is done. The authors announce that they have introduced scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet.' They present, almost letter for letter, the scene of Capulet's violence—the scene that stirred M. Taine's wrath: 'Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage! You tallow face!' They present the scene of Capulet's repentance:

Dead art thou, dead. Alack, my child is dead!  
And with my child, my joys are buried.

But they mar the scenes in this dramatic handling. They suffer the brothers' feud to turn to farce. Jean buys a piano because Jacques dislikes music. Jean gets poor Florence, the schoolmaster, to sing a 'Kyrie,' and dapper Lebel, the superintendent of forests, to sing a sentimental ballad; and Jacques has his wheat thrashed under Jean's window. These things are true enough: but they spoil the tragedy. At the moment when Jean is preparing for his great outburst, the audience have come to consider him a humorous old curmudgeon. When he sits silent, broken-hearted, in the moonlit square, ready to make any sacrifice for his daughter's life, the audience are amazed that he should have changed so soon. Grand Elizabethan strokes are impossible in our finikin days. On the modern stage all must be prepared. Else it is spoiled, or wasted.

As Mr. Palmer sets this play on the boards it should be seen by those who are in a quietly reflective mood, and who would study the method of two of the most popular writers in France. It is plainly and lucidly translated, though we might suggest that 'tu souffres' does not mean 'you suffer,' and that the 'témoins' of a duel are not known in English as 'witnesses.' All attempts to pronounce names in a foreign fashion are wisely abandoned: the brothers are plain 'Mr. John' and 'Mr. James.' Mr. J. H. Stoddart is Jean Rantzaus, and a most fine, vigorous, melodramatic impersonation he makes of

it. His style is too broad for subtleties; he is not a builder of character; but his silence is tragic, his flashes tremendous. Sweet-faced, delicate Miss Maude Harrison speaks her lines bravely and firmly; and Mr. Walden Ramsay is so handsome a lover, so manly in presence and address, that he might surely do all the work which used to be allotted at this house to that robustious player, Mr. Charles R. Thorne. Poor Mr. Parselle was given the part of Florence, the schoolmaster—a part which Coquelin, the elder, they say, informed with pathetic touches, making rivulets of tears course along every line. Much care has been devoted to the dresses, which are scrupulously exact; and yet, with all that is good in the play, it will not be popular. Americans are beginning to see that these foreign adaptations are a meagre theatrical diet.

## Music

### First Performance of the Oratorio Society.

THE PROGRAMME of the first concert this season of the Oratorio Society contained but two numbers: the Introduction to 'Parsifal,' and Berlioz's 'Requiem.' The first of these works had been performed the week before under Mr. Thomas's direction at the first concert this season of the Philharmonic Society. Dr. Damrosch's interpretation was, in most respects, equal to that of Mr. Thomas. His strings, perhaps, are not yet as fine and precise in intonation, as delicate in the expression of light and shade, as those of the older orchestra; but otherwise his performance was full of spirit, and indicated a thorough understanding of the composer's intentions.—Berlioz's 'Grande Messe des Morts,' performed here for the first time at the May Music Festival of 1881, is familiar to concert-goers. It was originally performed in the Church of the Invalides, in Paris, in 1837. Berlioz produces certain orchestral effects by means which no other composer has employed. Four orchestras of brass instruments are required, besides the ordinary orchestra. Sixteen extra trombones, sixteen trumpets, four ophicleides, four bass tubas, twelve horns and twelve cornets, with sixteen drums and ten pairs of cymbals, are used to give expression to the words of the 'Dies Irae.' The effect of this volume of sound at the 'Tuba Mirum' and the 'Rex Tremendae Majestatis,'—the thunder of the sixteen large drums at the 'Et Iterum Venturus Est'—it is impossible to describe. With the exception of these imposing numbers, the general character of the work is

gloomily monotonous, the uniformly mournful character of the words, which express throughout nothing but grief and terror, preventing much variety of expression. The concluding 'Hosanna in Excelsis,' a vigorous *allegro non troppo*, affords but little relief to the long-drawn lamentations and sounds of weeping.—The performance in question was one of great merit.

### The Italian Opera.

MME. PATTI reigns supreme on the boards of the Academy. She has appeared in 'Traviata,' 'Lucia,' 'Trovatore,' 'Faust,' and 'Il Barbiere.' In this last opera, she displayed her brilliant qualities in the most dazzling light. Her rendering of her first scene, 'Una voce poco fa,' was a triumph of vocal art and taste. In the amusing singing lesson in the second act, Mme. Patti gave Ardit's waltz, 'L'Estasi,' with equally brilliant effect. Signor Ciampi-Cellaj made his debut in America, on the same evening, as Figaro. He has an agreeable, though small, baritone voice, which is scarcely of sufficient weight and compass for the part. As an actor he is cold and uninteresting, and good acting is more necessary than good singing to an effective impersonation of the Barber. Signor Ravelli has been the principal support of Mme. Patti. We have not seen or heard much of Signor Nicolini, and Signor Galassi has been overworked and more or less indisposed during the last two or three weeks.

### Return of Madame Nilsson.

AFTER AN ABSENCE of nine years, Mme. Nilsson re-appeared last Tuesday night at Steinway Hall. Her voice has gained in power, without losing much of the freshness of her youth. The first number of her selections was 'Angels ever bright and fair,' which she sang with that exquisite pathos, not wholly free from coldness, however, which has generally characterized her style. Her singing of Schubert's Serenade, 'Leise flehen meine Lieder' (which she gave as an encore), though a gem of vocalization, yet lacked fervor. Mme. Nilsson is preëminently a dramatic artist; she was, therefore, more effective in the duet from 'Don Giovanni,' and in the jewel-song from 'Faust,' than in the Serenade, or 'The Old Folks at Home.' But she was really at her best in the two bright, rollicking songs, one Swedish and the other Norwegian, which she gave as an encore. With the exception of Signor Del Puente, who sang several airs in his usual excellent style, there is nothing to be said of Mme. Nilsson's support.

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